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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE was general elation last week-end at the prospect of a Franco-Italian accord which, as some enthusiasts put it, would "secure the peace of Europe." The plan centred on a guarantee of Austria's integrity and independence. It was believed that Paris and Rome were in substantial agreement about this, and that arrangements to satisfy Italian claims in both North and East Africa would shortly be reached. But the rejoicing was premature. By Tuesday there were "hitches," "set-backs" and "deadlock," and it was thought that M. Laval's visit to Rome would be postponed. He has gone after all, but with hopes that must be liberally diluted with doubts. The difficulties, in fact, though veiled, have been there from the outset. They are rooted in the Treaties. France and her allies are against any Treaty revision; Italy is for it—so far at least as it would serve her own interests—and in particular she espouses Hungary's claims. And that, in the complicated condition of Central Europe, makes the joint guarantee of Austria exceedingly awkward; for this involves not only Italy and France but, directly or indirectly, all Austria's neighbours and some who are not her neighbours.

Guaranteeing Austria

The plan, on the face of it, takes no account of the revisionist or anti-revisionist policies of the guarantors. Italy, France, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, and Germany are to unite in keeping Austria inviolate. But that is not all. They are also expected, it appears, to give mutual guarantees against the violation of each others' frontiers—in effect to pledge themselves to the *status quo*. That would be jam for some, and gall and wormwood for others. If, on the other hand, these mutual guarantees among the guarantors were to be dropped or postponed, as, it is said, Italy would like them to be, then Jugoslavia, Rumania and Turkey might well demur to the whole business, fearing that Mussolini, having put Austria in cold storage, would devote an undue attention to them. Germany has so far had nothing to say. According to one report she has not been asked for her views on the matter or even informed of what is afoot; in Rome they declare that she has been informed of the general principles of the project. Last but not least of the complications, the Austrians themselves have jibbed at the scheme; they have objected to being guarded by the Little Entente, and in particular by Rumania. In all the circumstances the odds are against the conclusion of a pact in the rigid and comprehensive form that has been proposed.

Italy in Africa

Nor, it seems, has everything gone quite smoothly on the African side. Italy has long had grievances in North Africa. She wants the status of her nationals in Tunisia settled, and she wants an extension of the southern frontiers of Libya, and it is expected that the French will at last be prepared to satisfy her on these points. In East Africa she asks for some territorial concessions on the borders of Eritrea and French Somaliland. But a more important and contentious claim relates to the railway which connects the port of Djibouti with Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, and in which Italy demands a " share of influence." It is obviously not the most auspicious moment for pressing this claim, when the Italo-Abyssinian dispute is in so ugly a state. The Abyssinians have not unnaturally taken alarm at what they have heard of the negotiations, though they may be unduly fearful, and there is no present ground for believing that France intends to give a free hand to Mussolini to do what he likes. But she will presumably give him something, and he will doubtless press his advantages in the expansion of his African empire.

An Imposed Constitution

It is customary in this country to ignore the opinions of the India Congress Party. It has just emerged from the general election for the All-India Legislative Assembly as the biggest party of the Peninsula. It has, with the Nationalist group that stands on its Left wing, a substantial majority among the Indian elected members. It will use it, of course, to reject the Constitution that is to occupy Parliament during the greater part of next session. In this fact, a basic fact in the history of India, no one in this country has displayed any articulate interest. But now the Moderates have spoken, and to the same effect. They have no mass vote behind them. They cannot carry even a single constituency of the general electorate. None the less, it is customary to treat them with a certain respect, and assuredly they include many Indians of eminence. The Liberals have now met in Conference. On the motion of no less a person than Mr. Srinivasa Sastri they have adopted a unanimous motion that calls in plain words for the rejection of this Constitution. Simultaneously, the Servants of India Society met. This is an even smaller organisation, but it has a record of national service and a deserved reputation for long-range wisdom that no other body in India approaches. It passed an even more explicit motion for rejection, which said in plain words that it would be better to continue under the present Constitution. Both gatherings stressed the absence of any reference to Dominion status, and the lack of any provision for amendment and development. In short, this Constitution has no Indian supporters, save the more conservative of the Moslems, the great landlords and some of the Princes.

The N.R.A. and Collective Bargaining

It looks as if, early in the New Year, President Roosevelt's Administration would have to face up at last to the right to collective bargaining, which was guaranteed—on paper—under the National Recovery Act. For many months past, confronted by the determined opposition of the employers in certain big industries, notably steel, the Administration has been fencing with this question. But now the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers appears to have forced the Administration's hand and compelled the National Steel Labour Relations Board to order elections to be held by the employees of the Carnegie Steel Corporation to settle how they are to be represented for bargaining with the Corporation. The Board has been reluctant to do this, because the employers threaten to challenge the constitutionality of the relevant clauses of the N.R.A. and to fight the matter right up to the Supreme Court of the United States. Obviously, if this were done, far more than the right of collective bargaining would be at stake; and the Administration has wriggled hard to avoid coming to grips with the employers over the constitutional issue. On the other hand, the American Unions, will not consent indefinitely to be put off with a paper promise, and are determined to use the rights conferred upon them by the N.R.A. to pursue their struggle against Company Unions and similar employers' devices for tame " employee representation." The question at issue is not only whether Trade Unions shall be recognised, but also whether, if a majority of workers decides in favour of being represented by a particular Union, this Union shall have power to make a contract on behalf of the whole employees, Union and non-Union alike.

Poverty and Relief

Every Christmas the *Times* gives us, under the title of " The Legal Poor," an admirable survey of poor law administration during the preceding twelve months. The term " legal poor " has in these days a less sinister meaning than of old. The " stigma of pauperism " is not what it was; the Public Assistance Committees, generally speaking, are an advance on the Boards of Guardians; institutional treatment (especially in the hospitals since they have been taken over by the counties and county boroughs) has improved, and so also, though it may still be inadequate, has out-relief. But the figures shown in the *Times* article are formidable. On January 1st, 1934, the total number of persons in receipt of relief was 1,402,725—which was 27,000 more than twelve months earlier, and was equal to 348 per 10,000 of the total population. At the end of November it stood at 1,380,516. In some of the depressed areas in the North the figures of pauperism reach an appalling height. In Gateshead they are equal to 860 in each 10,000 of the population; in Sheffield to 1,013; in Liverpool to 1,078; and in Glasgow to 1,763. The taking over of the able-bodied by the Unemployment Assistance Board will lighten the administrative burden on the local authorities—and to a lesser extent, their financial burden. But it will not take us much nearer to solving the problem of poverty.

Employment in December

The figures of employment and unemployment in December, which relate to the week before Christmas, are of course largely a reflection of the emergency employment caused by the Christmas rush. They must not therefore be taken as very significant in relation to the figures of the previous two or three months. They do, however, show that, in comparison with a year ago, there has been a substantial expansion of activity in nearly all the principal industries, the chief exceptions being the woollen and worsted and hosiery trades, of which the former has been seriously affected by foreign exchange difficulties on the Continent, especially in Germany. The other principal industries have all improved, and the total number of workers in employment is now only a very little less than in 1929. This is satisfactory so far as it goes. But of course the employable population has expanded largely during the last five years; and, after allowance has been made for the improvement in the past year, there are still over two million workers out of work, and of these 22 per cent. have been continuously unemployed for more than a year—a high proportion of them for very much longer than a year. There is therefore no reason for self-congratulation, for it must be realised that, even if the present expansion continued, it would be years before the existing surplus of unemployed would be absorbed, and further that the improvement has still made practically no impression on the derelict areas, or on such centres of mass unemployment as the cotton trade.

New Year Honours

The Honours List must always be a source of pride to a patriotic Briton—even if he does not appear in it himself. What other democracy can grade the merits of its citizens with such a variety of titles, badges, stars, garters, ribbons, and what not? How unlike the poor Americans, who have nothing to distinguish them but a few vocational appellations, such as senator, professor, mayor, judge! Our present list ranges from rare awards like the Royal Victorian Chain conferred on the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Athlone, to a lavish distribution among plebeians of the divers orders of the British Empire. There are three new peers—one of them being, as everybody expected, Sir Henry Betterton, the Chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board. Among the knights there is a fair sprinkling of men of eminence in the academic world, while one outstanding scholar, Professor Mackail, gets the Order of Merit. There is also the usual batch of gentlemen who are knighted for doing their duty by their party—or, as it is called in the official phrase, " for political and public services." Several dozen women figure in the list—mostly under the British Empire heading. Champions of sex equality complain, not unnaturally, that this is not enough, but console themselves with the thought, as the *News-Chronicle* puts it, " that the door is opening very cautiously, but still certainly."

The Lorrymen's Charter

The new road transport agreement which came into force on January 1st should do a great deal not only to improve conditions among lorry drivers, but also to diminish the dangers of the roads. Under the Road Transport Act of 1930 licences were made conditional on the payment of fair wages and the granting of fair conditions of employment; but, in the absence of a national agreement defining these conditions, the provision was bound to be largely inoperative, and there was no compulsion under the Act to bring standard conditions into force. The employers' associations, however, under pressure by the Transport and General Workers' Union, with the support of the Ministry of Transport, have at last been brought to acquiesce in a standard agreement; and this should be effective in preventing conditions which make it impossible for drivers not to fall asleep on the road, or to drive with reasonable safety and still keep to the schedules imposed upon them by their employers. The chief difficulty will be to secure observance of the agreement by traders doing their own transport in a small way, and by the host of small and often unorganised carriers who set out to get trade by quoting cut rates inconsistent with decent conditions of employment. The licensing system has, however, already done something to reduce the number of these " pirates "; and the authorities will now have the standard agreement to refer to in cases where unfair conditions are alleged.

The Banks in the Doldrums

The year's figures of bank clearings show an increase of more than ten per cent. over the figures for 1933, which were practically the same as those for the previous year. Undoubtedly, this increase reflects some real expansion in the volume of economic activity. It is true that the town clearings, which represent mainly stock exchange and other financial transactions, are responsible for the bulk of the increase, and that the rate of expansion for country clearings, which are a sounder measure of industrial activity, is under eight per cent. But even this is a substantial rise, showing a real upward movement of activity. The rise is, moreover, fairly well spread over the whole country. Yet despite the improvement in cheque clearings, the banking position still remains unsatisfactory. As compared with 1929, advances to customers have fallen by about £240 millions, whereas investments have increased by over £330 millions. Bills discounted remain at much the same total; but this total conceals the fact that Treasury bills have replaced trade bills to a considerable extent. In fact, the banks have plenty of money to lend, but, as there are far too few borrowers whom they regard as credit-worthy, they have to buy investments instead; and firms, at present interest rates, prefer to finance their activities by selling their gilt-edged securities rather than by depositing them at the banks against loans.

Francis Birrell

As we go to press we hear with deep regret of the death of Francis Birrell. He had been a regular contributor to THE NEW STATESMAN and THE NATION since 1922, being one of the journalists whom Mr. Desmond MacCarthy discovered and so tactfully trained. From his father, Augustine Birrell, he inherited a profound Liberalism and a particular impatience with humbug, and from his mother's family a love of the eighteenth century and an aristocratic contempt for the disapprovals of the smug and conventional—she was a daughter of Frederick Locker and a grand-daughter of the Lord Elgin of the marbles. These hereditary influences were reinforced, and as it were modernised, by his friendship with Lytton Strachey, Maynard Keynes and other members of King's, Cambridge, where he was an undergraduate. The war completed his intellectual formation; as a conscientious objector he worked with the Quakers in the devastated areas of France and there learnt a love of French ways of life and thought which always remained important to him. Admirable short lives of Gladstone and the Duchesse de Maine, a *Diary of a Scotch Gardener* (who worked in eighteenth century France) which he edited, and a translation of Diderot's *La Religieuse* were all characteristic of his interests; but his best work went into his witty and incisive reviews of books, plays and films. He combined a brilliant and mercurial intelligence with a singular absence of egoism, and he was the most affectionate of friends.

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THE TIMES

In a valuable historical work*, which the *Times* has published by way of celebrating its 150th birthday, the anonymous authors write of the *Times* a hundred years ago:

> The paper differed from the Tories in justifying property as the reward of individual initiative; it differed from the Radicals by making political representation conditional upon property. . . . There was never anything Utopian in its leading articles. By the "people" *The Times* meant the elements whose material interests were bound up with the commercial system.

Though the vote is no longer conditional on a property qualification, this analysis of the attitude of the *Times* has remained essentially true from that day to this. The first key to success in journalism is to understand and appeal to a particular public. The *Times*, started by the first John Walter merely as a means of repairing his fortunes, and conducted during its first years on the corrupt principles common to the journalism of the period, was fortunate in coming into the hands of John Walter II and Thomas Barnes, who knew exactly what public they intended to address, what interests they represented and who the real masters of England were to be. "The elements whose material interests were bound up with the commercial system" were still inadequately represented in the House of Commons. Therefore, the *Times* fought side by side with radicals and working men for parliamentary reform. Having ensured that the House of Commons should be middle-class, Barnes inspired Peel, the first representative of the intelligent English business man, publicly to accept the Reform Bill as "a final and irrevocable settlement." The *Times* could now safely become Conservative. Its peculiar function from 1832 onwards was to reconcile the interests of the middle classes with the surviving institutions of feudal England. Old-fashioned Conservatives might join with doctrinaire radicals in declaring that the principle of the democratic franchise must be destructive to the House of Lords and to the Established Church. If logic had had much to do with English politics they would have been right. But the *Times* understood the British genius better. As long as the balance of power was in the hands of business England, it was safer not to touch the remaining bulwarks of aristocratic privilege; all property was safer if the hereditary principle, which the *Times* had denounced before 1832, was left intact, an illogical but useful bulwark against democracy.

The key to understanding the extraordinary ascendancy of the *Times* in the nineteenth century is this perfect appreciation of the best interests of capitalism. The paper was conducted with extraordinary ability. Barnes established a tradition which Delane perpetuated; the *Times* was independent of every Government and was yet courted by and received private information from every Government. It became accepted as the voice of the British ruling class; it had the best foreign correspondents, the most reliable, quickest and fullest news service and was always ahead with technical improvements. At one period its circulation was several times as great as that of all the other London papers put together. But power in journalism does not come from circulation, and the power of the *Times* rested on its capacity to reflect precisely what the more intelligent section of the ruling class judged expedient. It embodied what has been called that "practical instinct amounting to genius," by which English rulers prefer to face problems in terms of power rather than in terms of philosophy. Perhaps they know that if two groups are permitted to discover the real differences which underlie their immediate disputes they will find themselves irreconcilable and some time or other be involved in dangerous conflict. But if each specific controversy is settled with the least possible mention of principle, adjustments may be made in which nothing is really settled, no power conceded, but particular grievances remedied.

Thus it comes about that while everyone is publicly respectful to the *Times* it arouses more private anger than any other English paper. Its admirably sub-edited pages give an impression that all is well with England. It has never been the paper of a Die-hard group like the *Morning Post*. It is not the champion of minority causes like the *Manchester Guardian*. It never makes the mistake of cheaply boosting prosperity after the manner of the Rothermere and Beaverbrook papers. It does not deny poverty; it is content to demonstrate that there is less of it in England than elsewhere. It promotes charitable subscriptions and is in favour of increasing the dole as long as "confidence" is not impaired. It does not altogether suppress unpopular opinions, it merely leaves out those that deal with principle in an uncompromising way and relegates the others to small print. How admirable a reflection of the governing mind are its correspondence columns! With what nicety are opinions and rank graded from the prominence of the centre page in appropriate sizes of type down to an obscure corner on an inside page! How often does one meet members of the Left vehemently indignant with the report of a speech or a meeting in the *Times*—the more indignant because there is none of that flagrant misrepresentation which will be recognised as such in a less authoritative paper, but only a lofty ignoring or a change of emphasis which is far more effective because of the accepted integrity and high-mindedness of the *Times*. If one has no blanket and feels entitled to a larger share of the world's warmth, one may be more indignant with the patron who graciously offers one corner of his own ample wraps than with a more brutal defender of privilege who bluntly says that he has got what you want and intends to keep it. Hence the muttered adjectives so seldom heard in public, the complaints that the *Times* is smug, self-satisfied, pompous, complacent or hypocritical.

Such criticism, which reflects a general sense of grievance that is all the more difficult to bear because it is difficult to define, is intensified rather than mitigated by the unexceptionable qualities of the *Times*. No one can doubt that it is and has always been humanitarian; it attacked the harshness of the 1834 Poor Law, because it would "sow seed of perpetual enmity between the poor and the rich." The *Times* was right; the new Poor Law was one of the mainsprings of Chartism. It vehemently criticised the savagery with which the desperate labourers were treated after the agrarian riots of 1830. It did not, of course, hint that there was anything fundamentally wrong in the system which led to working-class revolt, but it saw in the hanging, transportation and imprisonment of scores of ignorant labourers a departure from that moderation which it regarded as the highest wisdom. It has always exemplified what Bagehot has called the English "disposition rather to give up something than to take the uttermost farthing"—which is no doubt one reason why English capitalists have kept more farthings in the long run than their foreign competitors. With very few lapses this has always been the policy of the *Times*—to safeguard property by wise concession, to agree to reform only when it would be dangerous to refuse it, to attack every new idea until it has become embodied in a practical proposal which renders it innocuous, to retain always the substance of power while conceding the shadow, to be generous as long as it could give without risk, to be humanitarian as long as it was not asked to alter the evils that made mercy necessary.

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* *The Thunderer in the Making*, 1785–1841 (The *Times* Office, 15*s*.).

But, it will be said, the *Times* has stood above all for high standards of journalism. To a large extent that is true. It is a fair claim that John Walter II, Barnes and Delane won independence from Government control, not only for themselves, but for journalism as a whole; that they destroyed an evil tradition by which a journalist was rightly despised as the hireling of first this politician and then that; that they built up a new tradition of fair reporting and thoughtful comment. They may go farther and boast that in a period in which the battle of journalistic freedom is no longer to be fought against Governments, but against capitalist proprietors who see it as a branch of commerce and degrade it as a profession—they may boast that, alone amongst daily papers, the *Times* is guaranteed against sale to any commercial interest, and that with a circulation which amounts to one-tenth of that of one of the mammoth commercial papers it still retains more direct political influence than all the rest of the London press put together. So successful is it in imposing its authority and its social prestige, that there are very few Labour leaders who would not prefer a word of praise in the *Times*, which they denounce as their enemy, to a column of eulogy in the papers which support their cause. The power of the *Times* will remain just as long as England continues to be ruled by that intelligent upper middle class which has been dominant since the Reform Bill. It exactly reproduces the merits and defects of the British governing class. It is as safe as that class, as safe as the monarchy with which the *Times* has been so often compared, as safe as the British Empire, as safe as, and no safer than, the capitalist system in England.

AFTER TWO YEARS

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY]

VERY nearly two years have passed since Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany, and the first day of the Year One of the Third Reich dawned in the eyes of an anxious world. After the Saar plebiscite on January 13th and after the Second Anniversary on January 30th, things may develop more rapidly in one direction or another, but this is a convenient moment at which to review the two years' work of National Socialism.

The English Star Chamber period, with its secret trials of Catholics as the agents of Spain, supplies something of an analogy with the Nazi system, with the secret trials of Communists by the Berlin People's Court; Empsons and Dudleys abound in Germany to-day. Yet few would accuse the Tudors of ignorance or hysteria, and Hitlerism seems to be rather an oriental despotism rendered suddenly vigorous. For it is true to say that the Third Reich presents the picture of a State which is governed by corruption, cruelty, rumour, superlative phrases and personal animosities; of a State which deprives its subjects of those fundamental rights which men have been accustomed to associate with civilised life. One is apt to forget that the law decreed on February 28th, 1933, when the flames of the Reichstag Fire were scarcely extinguished, is still in force. This means that the State has the right to spy, search and arrest without restraint; every letter, every telephone conversation, is legally at its mercy. Just before Christmas the German Cabinet modified the decrees of March 21st, 1933, making prosecution for malicious attacks upon the Nazi Party more difficult to initiate. But it remains an offence punishable with imprisonment up to two years to make assertions likely to injure the "welfare of the Reich or the reputation of the Government"; those who attempt to alarm or terrorise the population, or to create international difficulties for the Reich, may even be sentenced to death. The superficially attractive protests of Nazi lawyers against red tape have thus reduced law to a matter of the interpretation of the moment, and society is back in a condition against which Montesquieu protested, where no one can tell when and to what extent he is breaking the law. When visitors are allowed to attend the People's Court the procedure remains correct; there are still amazing displays of Communist faith and courage at some of the trials, but, of course, the secrecy rule is strictest where there is most to conceal.

Since the August amnesty the concentration camp prisoners have been noticeably reduced; it is impossible to get exact information beyond that the number of victims is now anything from 1,500 to 3,000. But these are the incorrigibles, i.e., their lot is correspondingly harder. For in his speech on December 11th, General Göring not only admitted that the concentration camp system was meant to induce fear; in a sentence which was not published in the press he declared that those prisoners who had been least harshly treated had been observed, upon their release, to be the most prompt in resuming their efforts to seduce the people, and it is easy to guess how this observation is translated into action. The Reign of Terror, though now more skilfully veiled, continues. The extensive Gestapo raids upon decadent parties and homosexual cabarets early in December have been misinterpreted by sensation-mongers as heralding the elimination of everything from Himmler to Schirach. They arose through the accidental discovery of some Röhm-conspiracy papers in the hands of a frequenter of such gatherings. The regime finds anti-decadent gestures convenient, though it has little to say against heroic homosexualism. Many of the victims of the Gestapo raids in Berlin were released the next morning, but they spent an extraordinarily disagreeable night at the Albrechtstrasse headquarters. It is perhaps worth recording that the prisoners were lined up face to the wall and hands up, and drilled and teased all night by S.S. men with revolvers and rubber truncheons; they could hear yells and screams from neighbouring cells. Meanwhile the S.S. may be jealous of the Reichswehr, and no one will be surprised if Rosenberg and Schirach, like Brückner, disappear any day, and perhaps turn up later in hospital. But there is no reason to scent another large-scale massacre of the extremer Nazis; indeed, it looks rather as if they were to be given their head after January 13th—of course, in a cultural, not an economic, direction.

The other day I was asked, at a German tea-party, to explain the Sedition Bill. "Good gracious, fancy bothering about civic rights in these days; one soon accustoms oneself to forget about things like that," was the comment of an old Liberal. It is horrifying to observe the insidious success of the propagandist system, because one can see that people who never believed official assertions at the time they were made are nevertheless in the long run affected by them. Quite sensible people come to repeat formulae about the malice of the pastors or the *Ausland*. It cannot, moreover, be denied that the Nazi regime, by marrying its rearmament with its economic policy, has for the time being got away with both. No casual visitor to Berlin can fail to observe three or four times as many Reichswehrmen, and twice as many private cars, since last summer. The Reichswehr, in fact, is still under 300,000, but the new *Landespolizei* constitutes a crack force of 70,000 to 80,000 men in curiously similar uniforms, while some of the perfectly civilian Air Federation men have a far from amateur appearance, and some of the growing S.S. force are known to possess arms of a kind which might seem superfluous in the hands of men long since proclaimed to be the political, not the military, soldiers of the nation. As the rivals of the Reichswehr, the S.S. are no doubt laughable, but the fact remains that Germany now has, with Reichswehr and militarised police, a superb professional army of about 350,000, and S.S., S.A. and all the rest are not wholly uninitiated reserves; the new military smartness of the Labour Service men is striking, and this, after all, is a force of 250,000 with a six months' training, which most young Germans are compelled to undergo. Conscription is to follow, but there is no doubt that Hitler has already succeeded in rearming Germany.

The existence of an internal boom is equally certain. It may be a bubble affair, but at the moment one constantly hears working-people say, "We weren't for Hitler, but he has given us work. Oh yes, the pay isn't very much more than the dole, but one *earns* it." Of course the boom is due to the anticipation of revenue, the creation of credit, the demand for uniforms and arms, tax-free motors, and panic buying. Quite a lot of people have bought three or four suits this autumn, instead of one, because they fear the raw material famine. No one can tell whether the substitutes campaign will really succeed; the rubber substitute the Germans now use has only one fault—it costs three or four times as much as real rubber, while substitute petrol is five times the price of real petrol. Nor can anyone say with certainty whether the German internal boom can feed itself into further growth. Conventional economists are pessimistic; they do not believe that all Dr. Schacht's ingenuity can prevent either an abandonment of the gold standard (with a far more serious rise in prices than has yet occurred) or a decrease in employment—here they point to short time in the textile industries, which until recently had boomed. Schacht's position at the moment seems stronger than ever. It is a matter of personal vanity with him to maintain the nominal gold parity of the mark, and in this, his only serious difference with Big Industry, he is eagerly backed by the Führer. Economics are not Hitler's strong point, but his reaction to any suggestion of inflation is as hysterical as that of the class from which he comes, and he is determined to "shield his people from this menace."

Perhaps the most perplexing thing about Nazi Germany is the public response to the whole business. It is interesting to find that the people who have been sent back to the land are just as eager as in the bad old days to be urban again at the first opportunity. Among young men one hears irritation over the East Prussian landowners who are profiting from the favours showered upon farmers, while they pay neither their debts nor their taxes and seem farther than ever from expropriation. Business people who are doing quite well seem sceptical.

On the whole National Socialism has become more pernicious because it has improved its technique. An example of this is the increasing hardship to which German Jews are subjected without the publicity which formerly did something to protect them. The English public is, at most, aware of the Frankfurt incident in the organised boycott of Jewish shops, which had been proceeding all through December, in many provincial towns, in preparation for the "purely German" festival of Christmas. Though Jews are supposed to be allowed commercial, if no cultural, functions, one finds that a stockbroker has just been forbidden the Bourse, or that to sell newspapers has become a cultural activity. The pressure has been increasing steadily since Hess's strongly anti-Jewish order to the Nazi Party issed in Munich on August 8th. But what is done now is effectively and quietly done. So the anti-Semitic orientalism of the Third Reich may be said to have achieved nothing certain but the military efficiency of the Hohenzollern kings at the cost of the religious and racial tolerance for which they were famous.

PIGS AND PLANNING

A LIBERAL myself, I never cease to be surprised at the way in which Liberals, in their public utterances, seem to hate the land. With notable exceptions their interest in the land seems to begin and end with a sentimental desire to see more smallholders settled upon it, rather reminding me of a friend who owns a golf links and likes to see sheep there, not because they do the course any good (he knows they do not), but because he feels they ought to be on it and therefore likes to see them.

One could have understood this from the Labour Party, for that began as an industrial movement, and so many of its adherents did not need to understand "Mercantilism" to appreciate the apparent boon of cheap food at any price. But the Liberals, who have given so much lip-service to the cause of agriculture, seem the most easily perturbed when any practical measures on its behalf are taken and none have been more captious than they about what has been done to make the humble pig a more attractive animal to the farmer or smallholder. Let us see what has been achieved in the first steps of organising pig production.

First of all, it must be realised that the years 1931-32 saw the producers in all the bacon exporting countries in the world bankrupting themselves in supplying us with cheap bacon. Naturally this was driving our own producers into the same unhappy state. It was no new phenomenon. The pig, being a prolific animal with a comparatively short gestation period, has always caused supplies to fluctuate violently, with prices following them. The ups and downs were called "the pig cycle," for long reverently regarded as an inevitable occurrence. It is evident, therefore, that the ruinous prices of 1931-32 would eventually have been followed by absurdly high prices when producers were tired of producing at a loss. So no economist would have regarded prices at this period as normal. Yet the enemies of the Pig Scheme invariably take the prices of this period when they wish to show how the Scheme has increased the price of bacon. It would be much easier to argue that the price of bacon would have been higher still had things been left to *laisser faire*. The year 1930 can be more fairly taken as a normal year for prices, and, compared with this, monthly retail bacon prices so far this year have consistently been lower than in the corresponding months of 1930, although in 1930 we enjoyed "Free Trade."

The first step taken to organise the home pig industry was to regulate imported supplies by quantity, that is by the much abused "quota" system. There is not space to discuss the pros and cons of this, but the argument was that no tariff would immediately arrest excessive imports of bacon, since it had become the habit for exporting countries to offset the effects of a tariff by granting their producers greater subsidies and since the pigs that were being born must be got rid of somewhere at some price. Manipulation of currency and exchange was also becoming popular and could wipe out the effect of a tariff in a night. Moreover the tariff seemed a clumsy, hit-or-miss method that did not permit of any precise estimate of its effect upon quantities of imports. The position was also rather desperate; it was not a question of consolidating the home producer in his existing position—it had become a question of stopping the rot and saving him from extinction. It was a job for the fire brigade rather than the architect. The quota appeared to be the most effective method of stemming the flood of bacon at bankrupt prices and of guaranteeing a place in the home market for every suitable bacon pig we could produce. Moreover, it had the virtue of saving some of our overseas customers from the further impoverishment that a high tariff would have caused and of allowing them to plan their production to fit in with ours.

But this was only the preliminary part of the work. It was necessary to introduce some order into the chaos of the production and sale of pigs in this country and to build up a bacon industry with a standardised product. None had advocated this more ably than the Liberals. Co-operation had failed, because in our particular conditions there was a dealer round every corner to lure the co-operator from loyalty to his society, and so the Marketing Act was brought into service. A Commission made its recommendations for an organised pig industry, schemes were derived from the report both for the producers and the curers, offered for their approval and accepted by an enormous majority vote. Those concerned appointed, by vote, their own representatives to the two Boards, the Pigs Board representing the producers, the Bacon Board representing the curers. The basis was, therefore, entirely democratic and there was no question of its being administered by Whitehall. At first the producers were guaranteed their production cost on the basis of the cost of feeding stuffs. This proved impossible and ended badly. They were then given a contract price that took into account the cost of feeding stuffs and also made them sharers in the fortunes of the whole industry by regulating the price given for their pigs by the price of bacon. This was a notable innovation in our industrial structure, although it was already at work on a smaller scale in the sugar beet industry, and it is still in operation. It seems a fair way of spreading the risks of trading over all those concerned in an industry.

Now the top storey has been added to this structure, in the shape of the Bacon Development Board. This is composed of three members from each of the two Boards and three appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture. The work of this Board is to take a long-term view of the industry as a whole, to carry out the education and research in the industry that is so badly needed, to work towards national standards for bacon and perhaps to see about its advertisement when it is in a position to be advertised. They will have the power to close redundant or inefficient bacon factories or get others built where they are required and see that they conform to the elementary necessities for the efficient, economic production of bacon. It is the first body created for planning on a national scale, and it may become the Executive Council of our first industry in which all the interests are brought together into one democratically organised, self-administering whole. At worst it is an exceedingly interesting experiment.

Now as to the results of the scheme at the end of a full year. On the good side, it has ensured a market for every suitable bacon pig produced, and has introduced a national contract which there is no undercutting. It has stabilised pig prices to a remarkably successful degree, and, although we now have a record pig population, it has procured a price for them that is presumably a paying one, or farmers would not be producing more pigs. It has brought together the two sides to the industry—producers and curers—in a way that is making them realise their interdependence and, for the first time, is establishing a body of people with complete knowledge of these two sides. Anyone who has been round the country in the past six months will realise that farmers are taking pains that they never took before to produce bacon pigs of the right type, and will even ask for the advice of experts! Slowly the standard of English bacon is improving, and the existence of a scheme that unifies all the bacon producers is making it possible to take steps and disseminate information that will eventually lead to an even more widely standardised product. At the same time I submit that the price of bacon to the public, judged by a normal year, has not been unduly increased.

On the other side the producer complains, with some justice, that the strong support given to the bacon scheme has created too attractive a market for pork pigs (which are outside the scheme), and the less public-spirited are profiting thereby. It may well be found advisable to bring pork into the scheme as well and adjust supplies between the two markets. It is indefensible, also, to defer the announcement of contract terms beginning next January until the preceding November, too late for farmers to make arrangements for the important early part of the year. Much is said in exhortation to the farmer to reduce the number of his breeds in order to standardise his product, but little is heard of the variable products of our 600 curing establishments. (Denmark, with about four times as many pigs as ourselves, possesses only eighty factories.) There is danger that the cost of curing may become based upon the less economic of these factories, and danger that improvement in the technique and management of pigs and factories may not be shared with the public in the form of cheaper bacon. We have a Pig Scheme, but we have no pig policy. No one knows at how many pigs we are eventually planning to keep, no provision is being made for the small pig-keeper to be assured of the services of a suitable boar. The breeding side is still in a most unsatisfactory condition. We need something on the lines of premium boars, litter-testing stations and the old Village Pig Clubs brought up to date, and we need national bacon standards. All this is urgent work that will require a tremendous amount of organising. It has not been started upon as yet, and one wishes there were stronger ground for believing that the industry realises that this is their business and in their direct interest and, therefore, should be financed and undertaken by themselves.

This scheme, like others, is sometimes denounced by Tories as being socialistic, and by Socialists as playing into the hands of private interests. I find it difficult to think of it in either of these terms. It would not, of course, be difficult for the "quota" part of it to be abused to the advantage of vested interests if they could gain the upper hand, and the whole scheme could be prostituted as a mere price-raising piece of machinery—in which case it would be sowing the seeds of its own decay. But equally well could it be "nationalised" under a Labour Government, if by "nationalisation" is meant turning all the bacon factories into a public utility concern and subsidising the farmers to produce cheap bacon. In the same way Imperial Chemical Industries, or any big concern in which unification has already taken place, offers an easier subject for such treatment than a conglomeration of small, disunited undertakings. After reading *For Socialism and Peace* (the Labour Party's Programme of Action), I can see little reason for interference with the general lines along which the industry is developing, except by those who look upon nationalisation as an end in itself. The above-mentioned pamphlet explicitly approves of commodity boards, and public utility companies are not the particular children of any political party.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Miss Joyce Chamberlin.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Refined young lady wanted immediately to impersonate Mae West, to advertise her new film, *Belle of the 'Nineties*.—*Eastern Daily Press.*

No manager would take me seriously. I even darkened my hair to show that I have character and brains.—Miss Angela Joyce, ex-beauty Queen, in an interview in the last *Sunday Pictorial*.

That he drove a motor-hearse containing a coffin with a body seventy miles per hour along the Great North Road was alleged at Grantham yesterday against Frederick Matthews, of Windsor. He was fined £3 for exceeding the speed limit of thirty miles per hour. A motorist who reported Matthews said he thought it was disgraceful for a body to be carried at such a speed.—*Observer*.

The *Daily Express* stands like a watch tower in a city, built to survey the busy plain. The men in the tower have a double task. They report what they see. They also peer into the dark, that they may foresee what will emerge, and warn.—Editorial in *Daily Express.*

Then he turned to serious things and made Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* into a best seller. . . .—*Sunday Dispatch.*

I abstain from reading, or listening to, any of Mr. Baldwin's speeches. Might I suggest to your correspondents to read only speeches by Lord Wolmer and Lord Lloyd, Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Henry Page Croft?—Lt.-Col. (I.A., Retd.) in *Morning Post.*

Young lady wanted to walk out with a Bengal Tiger, to advertise *Wild Cargo*, showing at the Regal, Great Yarmouth, week of December 31st. Apply Bernard M. Woolley, General Manager.—*Fakenham Times.*

A few years ago a lady of my acquaintance lost in the streets of London a valuable diamond pendant. When arranging with an important firm of advertising agents for the distribution of handbills exhibiting her loss, and offering a reward for recovery, she also had occasion to inquire of them in which newspapers she should advertise.

They recommended several well-known journals, but added that it would be of course superfluous to advertise in the columns of the *Times*, because no reader of the *Times* would dream of retaining what did not belong to him.—Letter in *Times.*

SALADS

SOME interesting light was thrown on modern methods of overcoming the schoolboy's hatred of green vegetables when the Food Education Section of the Conference of Educational Associations met at University College. At one school threats are still found to be effective. The headmaster explained that the way in which he persuaded the boys to take their portion of vegetables "was to threaten to deprive them of their sweets. That," he added grimly, "was usually enough." At Christ's Hospital, on the other hand, they adopt a more subtle and distinctively modern policy. Here, it was reported, "the boys were persuaded to eat salads by first introducing them as luxuries for the masters. The boys immediately wanted salads." This, it may be thought by some, involves a certain amount of cruelty to masters, since it is not every schoolmaster who loves a lettuce. Apart from the cruelty, however, the authorities at the school are to be congratulated on having devised a very cunning experiment on juvenile human nature.

I should not myself have thought that, if a small boy saw a schoolmaster eating something, he would immediately be seized with a craving to eat some of it, too. I had a profound regard for many of my schoolmasters, but I never looked on them as expert guides to the pleasures of life. I suspected them—wrongly, I am sure—of not knowing how to enjoy themselves. I thought of them rather as ascetics who scarcely cared what they ate and who could be as happy over a plateful of boiled cod as over the first salmon of summer. I trusted their opinions on the meaning of French and Latin sentences, but not on things edible and potable. I am sure I could have watched even the headmaster eating boiled cabbage without any desire to emulate him.

And yet, it must be admitted, childhood is desperately imitative. We owe at least half our most reprehensible habits to the example of our elders. I doubt, for example, whether anyone ever began to smoke except through the desire to imitate older people. I loved the smell of tobacco almost from the cradle—still more, I loved the sight of clouds of pipe-smoke issuing from philosophic lips and filling the air with changing shapes—but I did not love my first smoke. Nothing but the prestige that tobacco had acquired as the concomitant and symbol of manhood could have induced me to persist with it after my initial collapse. To learn to smoke was not a pleasure of the senses, but a sacrifice made out of admiration of my elders. Relations of the female sex, observing my schoolboy endeavours, would taunt me: "You know you don't enjoy it. You only do it because you think it looks manly." I swore that I loved it, and was utterly indifferent to appearances, but those who taunted me were more truthful. If I am an enslaved smoker to-day, this is entirely due to the example set me by a number of men who ought to have known better.

Many people say that the taste for beer, wine and whisky is generally attributable, not to the innate viciousness of the young, but to the bad example of the old. Few people will admit that they enjoyed their first glass of whisky. Here I differ from the majority. I cannot remember a time when I did not enjoy the taste of what is called strong drink. I drank my first whisky as a child in the nursery when my nurse brewed me a very pretty punch as a cure for toothache. It almost reconciled me to my sufferings. Later, when I stayed with an uncle who had a praiseworthy faith in the virtues of claret, I used to be given tall tumblers of claret and lemonade, and that seemed to intensify the sunshine of a summer afternoon in a country garden. I am not sure whether I should have enjoyed my first bottle of stout so much if it had not been for the fact that a bottle of Guinness looks such an extraordinarily virile drink to a beginner. It may have been my imagination rather than my palate that loved it; but, at least, as I drank it, I told myself that it was good. And so through all the range of liquids. It cost me no struggle to get to like them. It needed the example of no schoolmaster to persuade me that they were good.

The example of our elders, however, has undoubtedly a great effect on our tastes at the table. I grew up in a world in which pepper and mustard were supposed to be the prerogative of adults, and in which pepper especially was supposed to be detrimental to the growth of the young. How often has my nurse warned me, as I reached for the pepper-pot: "It'll stunt your growth." To scatter pepper lavishly on one's breakfast-egg thus acquired an element of daring. One had a pleasant feeling that one was not only leading a grown-up life but risking one's future. At the same time I soon came to disbelieve the current theory about the effects of pepper. The more of it I consumed, the taller I grew, and in the end its flavour did not even give me a happy sense of recklessness.

The example of the old, however, is not invariably followed by the young. As a child, I saw many of the old eating porridge, but nothing could induce me to imitate them. I often saw the old conscientiously eating fat, but I hated it with what was to prove a lifelong hatred. I had an uncle who had read in a paper that the skin was the best part of a fish, and who used to poison himself heroically with all that was inedible in filleted plaice, but I left him uncopied in his dietetic heroism. It may be that we resolutely follow the example of our elders only when we are supposed not to follow it. If fat had been a forbidden thing, who knows but that I might have evolved into a determined fat-eater? If I had been warned against porridge as a thing that stunted the growth I might by now have been a devotee of the Scotsman's breakfast.

The authorities at Christ's Hospital did not exactly warn the young against indulgence in salad-eating; but they did the next best thing: they made salads seem something out of a boy's reach, something for men only. Salad-eating thus ceased to present itself to the mind as a duty and became pleasantly associated with the sin of envy—something as lovely and as unattainable as the cakes on the other tables in a tea-shop. Distance, it seems, lends enchantment even to a cabbage lettuce. Put a tomato on a schoolboy's plate, and he will despise it: starve him of tomatoes, however, and let him watch a schoolmaster making his way through one with an affectation of ecstasy, and the boy's imagination will become inflamed with a passion for tomatoes that will be proof against disappointment when he comes to eat them.

In order to persuade the young to adopt a healthy diet, we must begin by cultivating a number of repressions in them. Tell them that a glass of water drunk a quarter of an hour before meals is pure poison, and you will find them irrigating their digestive systems in a way that would rejoice the heart of an apostle of nature cure. Order them to bolt their food, and warn them that the practice of chewing is dangerous for anybody under the age of twenty-one, and immediately a race of young chewers will be on the way to eclipse the record of Mr. Gladstone. Refuse to give them boiled cabbage except on their birthdays, and they will clamour for it and love it every time it is given to them as a concession. It is my opinion that you could make children fond even of parsnips by giving the parsnip a scarcity value. The great mistake the Victorians made in bringing up their children was to order the children to eat things believed to be good for them and to forbid them to eat things believed to be bad for them. If they had done precisely the opposite, the Victorian child would have grown up much more like the little man his parents wanted him to be.

Men and women, indeed, as well as children, are strongly tempted by what is forbidden or unattainable or has at least some kind of scarcity value. Consider, for example, the present unpopularity of the herring. The gourmet will tell you that there is no better fish than a grilled herring, and the dietician will tell you that there is no fish more nutritious. Herrings, however, labour under the disadvantage that, as the aesthete said of the stars in the Milky Way, there are too many of them. Contempt of herrings is as common among the poor as among the rich. I have heard of a housemaid who, even during the food shortage of wartime, protested that she would rather fast than eat a herring. The very name of the fish connoted cheapness and therefore worthlessness. Yet, if herrings were as dear as Dover soles, who can doubt that all the world would praise them? Despite its bones, if the herring were only sufficiently rare it would become the rival of trout as a delicacy on the food-lover's table. It seems to me that during this period of depression in the industry, boarding-schools might do something towards educating the younger generation in wise fish-eating, by serving herrings to the masters as luxuries and preparing for the day when an envious horde of greedy-eyed boys will rise from their seats and demand to be allowed to share the feast with their elders. Hunger is a good sauce, but envy is a better. It is evidently the ideal salad-dressing. Y. Y.

THE 100,000 AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS

[BY ONE OF THE HUNDRED THOUSAND]

THE Europeans in a town like Calcutta make an extraordinarily self-contained community. For this there are a variety of reasons, creditable and otherwise. But as long as this isolation, we might say insulation, of the European continues, he is bound to incur all the odium which accrues to a prosperous alien community dwelling among a people sensitive to the point of morbidity.

Of the 350 millions who populate India, the European civilian element numbers only 100,000. Yet the seemingly impossible is accomplished; it is possible for a European to live years in India without ever meeting socially an Indian of his own standing. The writer in several years' residence met Indians in private European houses in semi-official circles or at gatherings summoned in pursuit of some ideal of social service—but never otherwise.

Who then are the Indians whom the European meets and in what circumstances? By far the largest class of contacts is limited to subordinates, servants, peons, coolies and the like. Conditions of work in India—due to causes too numerous to detail here—necessitate a far greater supply of labour than would be needed for any similar job at home. This holds true even of labour in the household, where, for example, a young couple living in a block of flats would require a minimum of four servants—and more should they have children or a car, as they usually do. It must be remembered, too, that the native languages of the educated Indian are not spoken by the illiterate class. The European, therefore, learns the very small minimum of words necessary for communication with his servants and has no incentive to acquire the language by which alone he might approach his cultivated neighbours. Of the vast ancient literature and culture of the educated Indian he remains ignorant; often he does not even know of its existence. The inevitable result is that the European tends to see himself as a captain of industry, employer of barbarian illiterates fit only to be governed by civilised oligarchs such as himself. He develops a superiority complex. Not for him to wait his turn at the Post Office counter, not for him to travel in trams or buses, or other than first-class in trains, nor for him the medium-priced seat at cinema or theatre, lest his prestige be lowered. In Bombay a useful corrective is supplied by the greater concentration of capital in Indian hands, with the European in many cases as the employee; but in Calcutta snobbery is intensified by the fact that capital is largely concentrated in European hands with Indians serving in subordinate capacities. Of Indian equals or colleagues the European has few. The qualifications and professional experience of an Indian may be equal or superior to those of a European, but the Indian will receive anything from one-third to three-quarters of the salary given to a European. Inequality of income, and therefore of standard of living widens the gulf between those who might otherwise meet on common ground as equals and colleagues. The Indian whose income and standard of living approximates to that of the European is likely to be of a higher social standing in his country than the Europeans in their own—and knowing this fact he scorns the European accordingly.

Supposing that the scorn and snobbery of both sides be overcome, and that they both show a desire for further intercourse, additional difficulties present themselves. Social contact is lubricated by the exchange of hospitality. But however keen one's desire, the organisation of the Hindu family as an undivided unit, whereby all generations of the family, married or single, live under one roof (so that it is not uncommon for a family to sit down twenty or more to each meal) makes the acceptance of hospitality in the Indian home a formidable undertaking. Even where there is a reasonable hope that a nascent liking might grow into an affectionate intimacy, to court friendship in surroundings so public and so heterogeneous requires exceptional courage and faith in its superiority to less hardly won loves. And Indians rarely demand this test. Many prefer to entertain in a club or restaurant or restrict meetings to the neutral ground of the playing field and the race-course. An additional complication arises from the difference in status of the women of each community.

The European woman aspires to an equality with her menfolk; the Hindu woman, who worships her husband as a god, would think it presumption to eat at table with him, while to allow herself to be served before him, or to express in public an opinion contrary to his, would be unthinkable. Though it is true that Indian women are more and more coming out of the seclusion of their homes and taking part in public affairs, their social experience and education are still decidedly inferior to those of their menfolk. Intercourse between Europeans and Indian men is possible, between Europeans and Indian women it is often embarassingly difficult even when the language obstacle is overcome; each sees life from so different an angle that it is hard to find points of contact or establish community of tastes. Again, where European men and women forgather in India, dancing is almost inevitable. But Indians do not dance in couples, and dancing anyway is left to the professional woman of low class. Again, a European host experiences all manner of difficulties; a high caste Indian will not eat food contaminated by Untouchables, among whom the European is classed; many communities will not eat meat of any kind, while Hindus will not eat beef nor Mohammedans pork. Even mealtimes and table manners differ. The Indian lunches about 11 or 12 and dines about 9 or 10; he prefers to sit on the floor rather than on a chair; he finds it repugnant to eat with a knife and fork that another may use after him, and will use his fingers in preference, much to the disgust of the European. Thus a multiplicity of apparently insignificant differences in manners, social organisation and religious observances render exchange of hospitality difficult if not uncongenial.

It would be a mistake to imply that it is unknown for Europeans and Indians to meet in friendly fashion and eat together, play together, dance together; and semi-official circles definitely encourage intercourse of this sort. But it must be remembered that, while the Westernised Indian who eats forbidden food, wears clothes that his parents would think immodest, and behaves in a manner that by their standards is accounted shameless, may do all these things because he is a man of exceptional independence and courage, he may, on the other hand, merely be a man of worthless character who finds it pleasant to live without the restraints of discipline. It is the latter interpretation which is most often put upon his actions, even by thoughtful people of both races. And this consideration tends to reinforce racial prejudice. Not long ago, I came across an English merchant who explained to a newcomer that he had been compelled to refuse an invitation to a tea dance at a public restaurant, issued to him and his wife by an Indian family, because "It would be as much as my bread and butter is worth, for my wife to be seen dancing in public with an Indian."

A second fact of importance is the temporary nature of service in India. The young Englishman who comes out does not, as a rule, contemplate making his career and a permanent home in India. If he does, in the event, spend most of his life serving in the country, that is an accident of fate, leaving his nostalgia for his own country unassuaged and leading him to snatch as much home leave as possible and to spend his life's savings and the leisure of his retirement outside the country which provided them. Now a man who regards himself, and is regarded by the inhabitants, as a visitor, may do his job very efficiently; he may construct roads, build bridges, amass fortunes, which are the admiration of others, but he does not make the most public-spirited or efficient of citizens. The great problems of India—its low standards of living on every plane, be it economic, cultural or spiritual, its insanitation and poverty, its ignorance and superstition, its corruption and disunion—affect him but little. Thus a teacher in an elementary school may receive 18*s.* per month as salary (about the price of a couple of bottles of whisky), compared with his cook's 40*s.*, or his clerk's 80*s.* Since he sends his children home for their schooling, how is he to know or, knowing, care? After all, he may be forgiven for thinking, "It's not my business, it's *their* country." He may even realise that a teacher paid a salary little higher than the one paid to the untouchable sweeper in his employ is unlikely to deliver goods of any value, and that a population so "educated" cannot but prove fruitful soil for incompetence and disaffection. Even then he may be forgiven for not being filled with that zeal for reform which alone makes reform possible. His contract expires in three years, he may be moved elsewhere, or get a decent job at home; in any case, he could not carry his point in the time, and he dislikes the dilettantism which is content to take up a job knowing that probabilities are against its completion. Or suppose that he be getting on in years, a resident in the town and civically minded, as many to their credit are, and that he is taking part in municipal enterprises—even then he cannot be relied upon for that persistent watchfulness and alertness which alone makes for victory over vested interests. Perhaps the reform dear to his heart is due to come up for consideration next year, when he is on his "long leave" or due to retire. At every turn his good intentions are brought to nought by the fact that he is a bird of passage, a man with no stake in the country. In Calcutta the European Association, in spite of all efforts to increase its membership, numbers only 25 per cent. of the European residents, and at recent elections was unable, in a European ward, to secure the return of the candidate it favoured. The Indians, who have insisted at the Round Table Conference and elsewhere that the European trader in India must at least become an Indian citizen before asking for special privileges or safeguards for his community, may be more far-sighted than is usually allowed.

Correspondence

MARRIED WOMEN

SIR,—May I call attention to what seems to be a blot on the otherwise welcome report of the Law Revision Committee on the liability of a husband for the torts of his wife and the liability of a married woman in tort and contract. I refer to the proposal to limit the abolition of the restraint on anticipation to future settlements. The fact that the Lord Chancellor added to the original third item of the terms of reference of the Committee the second subject mentioned above gave the Committee an opportunity to propose clearing away all the legal lumber which has accumulated because the law of the married woman has been so often patched, on the basis that she should continue to be treated as an abnormal person, instead of being reformed on the basis that she should have the same rights and liabilities as other people.

Except on this one point the Committee have faced the need for real reform. It is all to the good that they propose to abolish the "peculiar characteristics and consequences of the institution of the married women's 'separate property'" and to put her in the same position as a man in regard to her capacity to contract, her right to sue, her liability to be sued, to be made bankrupt and to have judgment enforced against her.

But the limitation of the abolition of the restraint on anticipation to future settlements takes away with one hand what is given with the other for those women who are already married with property subject to the restraint. These women are not to be in the same position as other members of the community as to the right to contract with respect to their restrained property, for to their property only can this disability be made to attach. Nor can the creditor of such married woman enforce a judgment against her by attaching her restrained income before it comes to her hands.

The Committee stigmatises this as "a not very creditable means of defeating creditors" and also describes the restraint as no longer "consistent with the present position of the married woman." The Committee were asked to propose such revision as was required by "modern conditions." There is surely, then, some *non sequitur* in the logic guiding them that they should put forward a proposal which will ensure the continuance of the operation of the restraint for the next fifty or sixty years—or so long as any of the women left under the ban may survive.

The continuance of the operation of the restraint is not only a hardship for these women and for all who have dealings with them; it is a hardship for all married women. It makes the law applicable to them more complicated. Those who have dealings with them cannot know to which class of married women they belong. The dead hand of the settlor should not be allowed to prevent this much needed reform being made applicable to all married women.

4 Pump Court, Temple, E.C.4. CHRYSTAL MACMILLAN

SIR,—May I add one point to your recent comments with regard to the legal position of married women and the proposals of the Law Revision Committee?

It is clear that a wife cannot make a claim against her husband (and his insurance company) if she is injured while being driven by him in his car, and this state of affairs ought to be remedied, by the wife being put on the same footing as any other passenger. It is to be hoped that the matter will not be overlooked, if new legislation is introduced as a result of the recommendations of the Law Revision Committee. HECTOR MUNRO

Prudential Buildings,
36 Dale Street,
Liverpool, 2.

THE SPANISH RISING

SIR,—I have read with surprise your comments on Señor Bolin's letter in your last issue. What emerges is that both your very damaging charges against the forces of the right in Spain were based on hearsay, in the first case on an unconfirmed report in an English newspaper, and in the second case, on an irrelevant question by a private member in the Spanish Cortes. I suppose that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, but I wonder what you would say to me if I made a gravely damaging accusation against Mr. George Lansbury in the *English Review* and, when it was denied by Mr. Lansbury, supported my original charge by a quotation from the Spanish *A.B.C.*

As for the Moorish atrocities, the statement you quote, even if it were true, would go no way to confirm your accusation. Where a town is captured by rebel forces who resist the entry of Government forces, as was the case at Oviedo, the deaths of innocent people in the streets are inevitable. The responsibility does not rest with the Government forces, and the consequences do not constitute and cannot justify the charge of "committing atrocities." DOUGLAS JERROLD

The English Review, 6 Great New Street, E.C.4.

[What we have said is further confirmed by the following letter from Lord Listowel, who was in Spain shortly after the fighting.—*Ed. N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Señor Bolin, who has been conducting so vigorously a propaganda campaign in the press and on the wireless in favour of the jesuito-fascist Gil Robles and of the Government that he props up, seems to imply in his letter of December 29th that the Moorish troops in the Asturias were guilty of no excesses, and that the leader of the Acción Popular party is not hostile to parliamentary government.

Apart from the evidence of Señor Marcos Miranda, to which you refer in your answer, I have succeeded in collecting some reliable accounts of individual cases. On Sunday, October 14th, four innocent civilians were shot by Arab soldiers in the house of Manuel Fernandez Prieto in Oviedo, and one trying to escape from it. They included besides the proprietor, Luiz Navarro, son of the concierge; the gravedigger Lucas Fernandez, aged sixty, and Manoel Toro, brother-in-law of Prieto, and a sweeper of seventy named Anastazio Bobes. There is no space for more instances of this kind. The murdering of civilians, the looting of homes, and the massacre of prisoners were the main features of that White Terror which has been so infinitely more cruel than the worst excesses of the revolutionaries. We shall hear little of it in this country, for the Spanish Government is straining every nerve to hush up the horrible scandal.

In a speech delivered just before the Christmas recess, Robles is reported in Madrid as having declared himself in favour of "a corporative organisation" of the State, pointing, not without criticism, to the example set by Italy and Germany. Recently in the Cortes he asked, without success, for power to legislate by decree. The only positive items in his political programme are the repeal of Articles 26 and 48 of the Constitution, which would restore to the Jesuit Order its wealth, its power, and its control of popular education. A clerical Fascism of this type is, obviously, as incompatible with representative political institutions as it is with economic or intellectual freedom. LISTOWEL

10 Manchester Square, W.1.

END OF AN EPOCH

SIR,—By saying so many things at once and saying them so obscurely, Mr. Stovin has rendered himself impregnable. I, at least, cannot attempt to answer him in a letter most of which would have to be devoted to disentangling the various senses in which his apocalyptic utterances might be interpreted, before considering whether it is just possible that in some one or other of these senses some one or other of the utterances might be true. There are, however, two points of fact which may be fruitfully raised.

First, it is not the case that "the modern age"—always presuming that this expression means not, as one might have supposed, those who are modern because they are young, but, as it seems to do from the context, those who are no longer modern because they are old, i.e., Shaw, Wells and Russell—is without beliefs. For my part—and I mention my own case because Mr. Stovin cites people like Aldous Huxley and myself as typical of the "reactionaries" who are camp-followers of "the modern age"—I own to being ridden with beliefs. I believe in Socialism, Internationalism, and Pacifism. I believe that the universe has a meaning and life a purpose, and that literature should be and great literature is propagandist in the Shavian sense—that its function is to illuminate the meaning and to further the purpose. I believe that I know what qualities make a civilisation, and by virtue of what qualities—broadly those of the head rather than of the heart, that is to say, by hard thinking rather than by noble feeling—our present civilisation, such as it is, can be preserved. Mr. Stovin casually dismisses this last as a "belief in the value of reason which no ordinary young man has ever denied"; but it is much more than a belief in reason *tout court*. It is a belief that there can be no alleviation of the sufferings of mankind except by a realistic vision and resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of illusion with which the enthusiasm and the romantic activism of the Stovins have invested it, is stripped aside. Now I very much doubt whether Mr. Stovin does believe in reason in this sense.

These beliefs may well be mistaken, but it is absurd to say that they are not beliefs, or that I do not hold them. Moreover I have derived most of them from Wells, Shaw and Russell.

Secondly, it is not the case that the previous generation, i.e., presumably Shaw, Wells and Russell, are prone to "'ideation' *in vacuo*." Shaw and Wells are distinguished from most other thinkers, both among their contemporaries and their predecessors, by virtue of the fact that their cerebrations at large about society, its functions and its purpose, have been supported by a voluminous mass of detailed suggestion relative to the question of how existing society can be transformed, so that it may carry out its function and fulfil its purpose. In a series of books of prodigious length, distinguished no less by their accumulations of fact than by their comprehensiveness of outlook, by their amplitude of outline than by the careful assemblage of detail by which the outline is filled in, Wells has described the growth of our civilisation in the past, analysed its features in the present, and set out his plans for its regeneration in the future. Moreover, throughout the whole course of his formidable career as a social thinker, stretching over a period of nearly forty years, from *Anticipations* and *A Modern Utopia* to *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* and *The Shape of Things to Come*, the main concepts of his political philosophy and in particular his recipe for social salvation have remained relatively unchanged. In a series of plays, prefaces, essays, pamphlets and tracts, persisting from his contributions to *Fabian Essays* forty odd years ago up to and beyond his *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, Shaw has pointed out in the greatest detail why our present society is inequitable, wasteful, and inefficient, and how and why socialism would redress its injustice and eliminate its waste. His work constitutes a sustained critique of capitalism based upon a profound knowledge of existing institutions and issuing in elaborate and detailed proposals for their reform.

My point is that, whether these proposals are right or wrong, which is not to the present purpose, they are as far removed from the "'ideation' *in vacuo*" of earlier social critics—Voltaire, or Rousseau, Owen, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, and may I add, only too often, Marx?—as the carefully planned arrangements of Dante's Heaven and Hell are from the vague aspirations for a "hereafter" of a Modernist Church of England clergyman.

"'Ideation' *in vacuo*" by the authors of *An Outline of History, The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, The Shape of Things to Come, The Open Conspiracy, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, the Preface to *Getting Married* and *Common Sense about the War!* Mr. Stovin should think again.

4 East Heath Road, N.W.3. C. E. M. JOAD

SCHOOLMASTERS AND POLITICS

SIR,—Mr. St. John Reade's letter about his municipal candidature in Bristol reminds me that some time ago I applied for a post under the Board of Extra-Mural Studies at Bristol University and was summoned for an interview. The first question put to me was: "We understand that you are a parliamentary candidate. If you are appointed to this post, would you be prepared to resign your candidature?" On my replying that I should not, the interview came, for practical purposes, to an end.

I was at that time an Assistant Master at the Merchant Taylors' School; this position I had to resign at the 1931 election, as the Governors had decided that no one who became a parliamentary candidate could remain on the staff.

This practice is, I believe, widespread among educational authorities, and various reasons are urged in support of it.

(1) That a zealous politician-schoolmaster will conduct propaganda in the classroom. This offence, however, can be dealt with without a general bar against candidates. No such charge, moreover, was made against Mr. Reade or myself.

(2) That a schoolmaster may neglect his work for his candidature. But he may also neglect it for his garden, his family or any of a number of rival interests. Cases of neglect of work can be dealt with on their own merits.

(3) That education is a "vocation" which should absorb the schoolmaster's interest. But the chief danger of this profession

is that the schoolmaster will become absorbed in the affairs of the little school-world and lose his sense of proportion. An active interest in public affairs is a corrective for this evil.

(4) That if schoolmasters openly associate themselves with any party the school will, however unjustifiably, lose the confidence of the parents. But it is the business of an educational establishment to withstand prejudice, not to submit to it. Further, on this reasoning, a schoolmaster should not openly associate himself with any religious denomination—he should not, for instance, be a churchwarden.

But whatever the motives of bodies which make regulations of this sort, the result is the same—to exclude from candidature those who have to earn their living. It is the back door to a property qualification for M.P.s. MICHAEL STEWART

24 Winn Road, Lee, S.E.12.

VOLUNTARY STERILISATION

SIR,—Dr. H. W. S. Wright usefully urges that sterilisation is a particularly valuable method of contraception for parents who cannot do justice to any more children, but he concedes too much to our opponents when he says that the operation *is* illegal. In 1903 R. R. Rentoul, who was a well-known medical practitioner in Liverpool, published a pioneer booklet advocating compulsory sterilisation of certain mental and physical degenerates, and the passing of a law to permit this. He regarded voluntary sterilisation as being legal, but (as he was opposed to the birth-control movement) morally allowable only on serious medical or eugenic grounds. In 1925, by which time eugenic sterilisation was being much talked about, the late Lord Riddell (although he was sympathetic to the birth-control movement) suggested in his presidential address to the Medico-Legal Society that the operation, unless done on purely medical grounds, *might be* declared by a judge to be illegal under the ancient law of maiming. At a subsequent meeting of that society, Lord Justice Atkin suggested in a discussion that this view was right and that, should a patient die from the operation, the surgeon *might be* liable to prosecution. Another legal view is that non-therapeutic sterilisation *might be* held to be illegal under the law of conspiracy against the public welfare. In the hope of getting something big done quickly for the standard of living and eugenics, I have been advocating that sterilisation and abortion should be available to any person who has two children or has had two confinements.

20 Glenalmond House,
Manor Fields, S.W.15.

B. DUNLOP, M.B.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—The first state function of 1935 is to be the hanging of a young labourer called Rushworth for the murder of his infant child. Nobody worries much about it except those who really suffer—Rushworth's relatives and friends, for instance, and the prison officials who have to do our dirty work. Why does nobody bother about it? Partly because the reprieve of the woman who was Rushworth's partner in the murder has salved the public conscience; partly because the murder was not an "interesting" one, and after the emotional appeals and the sensational writing up of Mrs. Major's case, a humdrum affair like Rushworth's arouses no public concern.

It is often said that violent and brutal punishments brutalise the society which inflicts them. There is profound truth here, and truth is relentless. Every execution, whether the victim be a man or a woman, strengthens the evil custom by increasing its ordinariness; so it is inevitable that the execution of Mrs. Major, following widespread pity, vain protests and morbid interest, should, by just the measure of that interest and pity, blunt our minds and consciences to the fundamental cruelty and savagery of the death penalty. Crime for crime the murder, committed by Mrs. Major was at least as "bad" as those for which men are hanged every year without any public outcry. So long as we acquiesce in the continuation of capital punishment as the legal penalty for murder, we have no right to complain because the Home Secretary does not shield us from the consequences of our own action or inaction, by using the prerogative of mercy indiscriminately.

Mrs. Major's execution is a challenge to us not to relieve our feelings by criticism of the Home Secretary, but to face the facts about capital punishment; its irrevocability, its brutality and its utter uselessness, and to work without intermission for complete abolition. CICELY M. CRAVEN

The Howard League
for Penal Reform.

Hon. Secretary.

DR. SHEPPARD'S PEACE DECLARATION

SIR,—In addition to the tens of thousands who have sent me their signature to the Declaration

> I renounce war and never again, directly or indirectly, will I support or sanction another,

there have been many who tell me regretfully that they are unable to reconcile this attitude with the demands which their patriotism would make upon them if their country were invaded, or some distant part of the Empire attacked.

One might remind them that by the Briand-Kellogg Pact the governments of the world have already renounced war, and by doing so have withdrawn their claims on the individual's patriotism, leaving him free to make a similar renunciation. One might also point out that, as has been proved again and again, it is impossible to make any real distinction between wars of aggression and wars of defence. But to those who have honoured me by asking for my counsel in this matter, I would say, in all sincerity, that my original Appeal was made quite simply on the Christian premiss that, if an evil is to be renounced it must be renounced regardless of consequences.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton once told us that Christianity had not failed because it had been tried and found wanting, but that it had been found difficult, and therefore had not been tried.

My Appeal is made to those who will now join with me in trying it, even at the risk of endangering much that they have always held dear. If they were to read Mr. A. A. Milne's book *Peace with Honour*, it might help them to understand what Nurse Cavell meant when she declared in the last hours of her ordeal, that "Patriotism is not enough." H. R. L. SHEPPARD

Miscellany

THE CHILDREN'S SEASON

ONE of the most difficult points for a child to determine on its first visit to the theatre is just how much of the performance is "real" and how much "make-believe." I remember taking a very small boy to see *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is probably the best play for children ever written. We sat in a stage box, so that there were times when our view was largely obscured by the bare, well-bronzed legs of Lysander and Demetrius. These legs fascinated my small boy, who, far from being all innocence and credulity, had already formed ideas on the relative functions of God and greasepaint. But one thing puzzled him, and when the first part of the play was over, he turned to me and asked with astonishment, "Do those men really stick all those hairs on their legs in the dressing-room?" My reply may well have set him wondering how much of acting is acting after all—a fascinating mystery. How surprised we might be if we could distinguish not only between the real hairs and the false, but between the real emotions in an actor's performance and those which are purely simulated!

The confusion created in a small child's mind by his first Christmas pantomime must be considerable, for the conventions governing Christmas pantomime are probably more complex, subtle and sophisticated than those governing any other form of theatrical art. Of course, a small child does not expect to understand everything. That is where he scores over his seniors. Once, after reading out loud to my children, I re-read to myself some of the passages in the book they had enjoyed, substituting a meaningless *umph* for all the words which I felt sure they could not have understood. "But darkness," ran the story, "was not a thing to *umph* him, *umph* in the *umph* of a wood and the very *umph* of *umph*; nor could the wind *umph* his ear or heart. There was no note in its *umph* that he had not *umphed* and *umphed*, and *umphing* is magic." Speaking as an adult, I couldn't listen to this sort of thing for two minutes, but my children, after a good hour of it, were clamorous for more. "*Umphing* is magic." The more you expect to understand, the harder you are to satisfy.

There is, however, less to be said for *umphing* when it interferes with your preconceptions. What makes the conventions of Christmas pantomime particularly hard for a small child is their application to a fairy world the laws of which have previously seemed clear as crystal. He is already familiar in another form with the stories enacted upon the stage. He is confident that he knows all about *Cinderella* and *Dick Whittington* and *Aladdin* until he goes to Drury Lane or the Lyceum or the Prince Edward, where he is startlingly confronted with a succession of popular songs which appear to have nothing to do with the dear old case, and a stream of bewilderingly topical jokes about Mr. Hore-Belisha and the Saar and the Chelsea Football Club. Moreover, the part of Prince Charming is acted by a beautiful lady (but a lady) named Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and the part of Dick Whittington is acted by a dashing girl (but a girl) named Miss Elsie Prince. Here, leaping to the eye, would seem to be a case of crass bad casting. But if the small child complains of the sex of the principal boy on the way home, as many small children do, his first little essay in dramatic criticism will be inhospitably received by his elders, who may point out that this is a time-honoured pantomime convention. A convention—what is a convention? Is it a convention that the killing of the rats by the cat in *Dick Whittington*, which is surely the climax of the story, should be so scamped that you hardly notice it at all? Is it a convention that Cinderella should only arrive at the famous ball at about two minutes to twelve? Is it a convention that Prince Charming, having found her glass slipper, should inadvertently drop it into a magic lake of real water, with real Tiller Girls braving the depths for its discovery? And is it a convention that Cinderella should be deprived of her wicked step-mother? All children have been taught that it was Cinderella's step-mother who was the author of her woes. This step-mother removed from the story, how comes it that Cinderella was consigned to the kitchen? How should the Ugly Sisters alone be able to control their newly-begotten father, even though his affection for Cinderella may have declined into the unlovable buffoonery of a clown? The disappearance of the step-mother at Drury Lane may be a concession to changed social conditions. When divorce-courts were comparatively idle and second marriages comparatively rare, it may be that step-mothers could be vilified in the theatre with commercial impunity. Now that step-mothers—and step-children—are to be found in every row of the stalls it may be inexpedient to suggest that they are abominable creatures with an unfair bias in favour of their own progeny. But that explanation, even if it were sound, would not restore the balance of the story. There can be no doubt that if we, with all our experience, were children still, we should complain bitterly of the change.

But the children are without our experience. They have considerable if not complete confidence in what the grown-ups set before them. And the spell of the theatre—its lights, its curtain, its conductor—is so strong and so delicious that they don't feel much like complaining about anything. Perhaps they are most comfortable at plays like *Peter Pan*, where they are happily free from preconceptions—it is only a few adults who knit their brows over the strange statement that swallows build in the eaves of houses to listen to the stories or that one of the chief advantages of flying is that it enables you to say funny things to the stars. *Alice in Wonderland* is not so fortunately circumstanced. Here, though the convention is simple enough, though Miss Nancy Price has followed the book with strict fidelity, and though Miss Betty Laverick is as logical and practical as Alice herself, the Tenniel illustrations obstinately refuse to be superseded. All the same, a play's a play for a' that. Even the most hardened playgoers will suffer tortures for the mere mysterious pleasure of being in a theatre.

In spite, then, of all difficulties, the children enjoy what they are given. Whether there is something else that they would enjoy still more if they were given it, who can say? Sometimes I feel that the time is more than ripe for a real experimental children's theatre in which there shall be no Cinderellas or Dick Whittingtons, no fairies or hobgoblins, no pirates or St. Georges—a theatre presenting serious, modern, realistic plays about children as they are in their living life—a theatre in which the manifold problems of the nursery and the schoolroom are thrashed out as earnestly as Ibsen thrashed out the problems of adult relationship. These problems would be discussed not from the point of view of the grown-up but from the point of view of the child and no one over the age of fifteen should be admitted into the auditorium. At first, such plays would be hard to find, but once the new school had been founded . . . well, pity the poor Censor. For here would be an entirely new type of subversive drama to perplex his calm—a drama upsetting to the equilibrium of age and packing the house so sensationally that even Drury Lane and the Lyceum might begin to wonder whether, after all, they had been giving children the sort of entertainment children most desire.

HERBERT FARJEON

JESSICA IN GERMANY

[*A congress of 500 Nazi doctors has wired to Dr. Frick demanding that any German woman guilty of relations with a "non-Aryan" be punished with loss of nationality, imprisonment, and sterilisation.*]

"In such a night
Did Iessica steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont."
"In such a night
Did young Lorenzo sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one."
In such a night
(When thrice a hundred Christmastides had cast
Their white veils on the sins of Christendom)
Did half a thousand wise and learned leeches
Meet to prescribe, with mercy most unstrained,
For any Christian maid that dares the same
As that rash Jessica, that pretty shrew,
A prison-cell, and public ignominy
(So passionately these Christians love each other),
And with it outrage so unnameable
As even Shylock's knife ne'er dreamt upon.

The day such deed is done in German land,
First burn her poet by your hangman's hand.
Shakespeare-Jahrbücher, *Shakespeare-Gesellschaften*—
Leave such toys now to breeds of meaner men.
Let "Science" lay him too beneath the ban:
He was but human—not "pure Aryan."

F. L. LUCAS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Inside the Room" at the Queen's

How sadly conventionalised has our detective drama become. Wearily one surveys a first act fairly littered with red herrings so distinctly fishy that no sleuth could dream of paying attention to them for more than a minute. Remains only a collection of half-wits and nondescripts from whom to select a villain. The love affairs of a dead actress who kept a diary provide the motive in this instance for the taking-off of Sir George Frame in a locked and bolted room at the house of Lady Groombridge. A brisk tour of elimination—I say it without pride—revealed to me the murderer rather early in the evening, though not—and here the author shows considerable ingenuity—how he had contrived to cover up his tracks. On the evidence of the previous dialogue, my discovery promised to destroy all further interest in the piece; but I had reckoned without Frank Pettingell, whose brilliant unforced character-work as the Scotland Yard north-country old-timer enlivened every moment that he was on the stage. The murderer is duly caught in a rather artificially contrived trap. Mr. Pettingell is aided by Mr. Robert Douglas as an amateur criminologist whose talents seemed to me to savour more of divination than deduction. Of the other actors who had to make the best of tawdry material Ellis Jeffreys buzzed and twittered charmingly as the hostess, Leonora Corbett exhibited chromium-plated brilliance as a journalist, and Mr. Frank Cellier pretended without great success to be a *flaneur*.

"The White-headed Boy" at the Embassy

The White-headed Boy is probably Mr. Lennox Robinson's finest, if not his most ambitious, play, and it is being acted at Swiss Cottage by Arthur Sinclair, Sara Allgood and Maire O'Neill. The result, even for those who remember earlier productions with Sydney Morgan in the cast, is superb entertainment. Actually, under Miss Allgood's production the Irish Players seem to have sharpened their technique again, and this time there are none of the easy tricks for getting a laugh which tended at one time to spoil their performance. Instead there is balance and point in every intonation and gesture, and the very amusing love scene between the wily old postmaster and the aunt of all the Geoghegans is a perfect piece of timing.

Revue at the Gate

This Year, Next Year . . ., Mr. Norman Marshall's revue at the Gate Theatre is everything that an intimate show for a reasonably sophisticated audience should be. Without names or expensive décors, it contrives still to be the wittiest, liveliest entertainment of its kind in town—the happiest combination of broad humour and pointed satire. Not every scene "comes off" —it would be too much to expect of any revue—but the percentage of direct hits is quite abnormal. Miss Hermione Gingold displays an enormous comic vitality throughout the evening, and her impersonation of a Carnival Queen, with a song which might bring a rosy glow to the cheek of Mr. Douglas Byng himself, is brilliantly funny. So is the amiable face of Mr. Max Kirby, chuckling like Jack Buchanan and sneering like Noel Coward at intervals, when he is not anxiously tap-dancing or being Father Christmas at a multiple store for the sake of his art. Herbert Farjeon, Walter Leigh and Hedley Briggs present a quite admirable ironic fantasy called "Hollywood Funeral" and there is some charming dancing in "Création de la Mode." The piece is beautifully held together by Miss Charlotte Leigh, whose inter-scenic commentary contains a wealth of innocent innuendo.

"Jill Darling!"

Jill Darling! at the Saville Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, is a show for the tired business man, not excluding the tired literary critic; and one's chief complaint against the production is that nobody loses a pearl necklace (which would have made the effect even more refreshingly familiar) and that Miss Viola Tree, a brilliant comedienne who does her best in a very small part, is not allowed a more generous opportunity. Mr. Arthur Riscoe, however, is very funny in his own characteristic, rather broad style; and Miss Frances Day, as the English chorus girl who impersonates a foreign star, sings, dances and smiles in a manner that will delight her large public. The chorus, on the other hand —one must make an exception for Miss Iris Lockwood, who is as fetching as one could desire—falls short of the tired business man's standard, both in looks and in the quality of their drilling.

"Forgotten Men" at the Rialto

Reckless methods of publicity have emptied all superlatives of meaning, when applied to films, and the "greatest picture of all time" is released at least once a month. It therefore does not sound very remarkable when one says that *Forgotten Men* is the most overwhelming film that has ever been made, and that no more impressive film will be made until we have a war more destructive than that of 1914–1918. *Forgotten Men* is a collection of films taken at the Front, and at sea, by official photographers, mostly British and German, and now presented with a commentary by Sir John Hammerton. We see first the tranquil countryside, then the Archduke at Sarajevo, and then Emperors and Kings taking the salute, then death and destruction so devastating, so omnivorous, that one's eyes cloud and one's brain grows numb. All descriptions of the war are quite ineffective compared with this film: at a few yards range we see thousands of men blown to pieces, bayoneted, squirming in their last agonies. We see the heads of drowning men countless as ants in a puddle, we see death in the Alpine snows, death in the air, death in the mud. But it is not the material horrors which stun one's spirit so much as the sense which the film gives one of the prodigious extent, duration and aimlessness of the destruction. It is an odd comment on human hatred of facing the facts that this overpoweringly impressive and spectacular film, which cost six million lives and thousands of millions of pounds to produce is being given only in a small cinema, to an audience with hardly a woman among them. The accompanying sounds have been added, for, of course, talkies had not been invented when these films were taken: otherwise the photographs are authentic documents. The L.C.C. deserves great credit for allowing us to see war as it is, and it is difficult to imagine any person not of subnormal intelligence seeing this film without becoming an absolute pacifist.

The Garbo

Once again has the Garbo proved that, no matter how foolish the story chosen as her vehicle, her beauty and some odd quality associated not only with her legend but with the queer personality revealed by her every smile, by every gesture that she makes, can rescue an audience from the depths of tedium. *The Painted Veil* at the Empire is a sad travesty of Mr. Somerset Maugham's book. Instead of the flashy little Englishwoman, transplanted from South Kensington to China, who was described in Mr. Maugham's cynical narrative, we are shown a gay, guileless, romantic Austrian girl, wooed and won by a hard-working young scientist (Mr. Herbert Marshall). Instead of the realistic background of European life in a Far-Eastern city, we are introduced to scenes of unreal magnificence—the Orient *à la* Hollywood—culminating in a "Chinese fantasy"—the more inappropriate when we remember that this rococo spectacle is supposed to take place in the prosaic Western purlieus of Hong Kong. In fact, most of the picture is very silly. . . . Yet through it all—and through at least one quite astonishingly unbecoming toilette—shines the white face, the large eyes and sculptured cheeks, the fine pensive brow, that we have come to know so well, as the moon through a rack of drifting cloud; and we are grateful for our latest glimpse of the mysterious luminary. Is there any other actress who can grace an indifferent film in such a manner as to make us forget if it is good or bad?

Walt Disney at the Tatler

Felix the Cat grew old and disappeared. Nowadays who remembers that lovable personage, his hands clasped behind him, head bent, pacing across the landscape like the Pilgrim of Eternity? Mickey Mouse, however, as yet shows no signs of age; and, if any proof were needed of the vitality and versatility of Mr. Walt Disney's imagination, it would be supplied by a visit to the Silly Symphony and Mickey Mouse programme at the Tatler New Theatre in the Charing Cross Road. Here are to be seen *Peculiar Penguins* (with its haunting refrain:

> There's nothing so peculiar as a penguin,
> Unless perhaps it's you or I!)

one of Mr. Disney's best efforts this year, *The Clever Little Hen*, a somewhat more moralistic film, and a pretty, if sentimental, picture, *The Night Before Christmas*. Among Mickey Mouse productions, *The Orphans' Benefit* (which the present critic has seen at least three times) never fails to delight; while *Playful Pluto* is a work of comic genius. Mickey's dog, with his sentimentality and instability, contains the essence of all dogs in a single hide.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 4th—
  Beethoven Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.
SATURDAY, January 5th—
  Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
  Royal Choral Society, "Messiah," conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Albert Hall, 2.30.
  The Tudor Singers, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
SUNDAY, January 6th—
  Gerald Heard in "1934 in Retrospect," Conway Hall, 11.
  "Cendrillon," Mercury Theatre, Ladbroke Road.
MONDAY, January 7th—
  Wagner Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.
  "Lady Precious Stream," Little Theatre.
TUESDAY, January 8th—
  Mr. Hartley Withers on "Is Money the Cause of Our Troubles?" Lecture Hall, London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
  Elwyn Jones on "Victorianism: a Revaluation," Conway Hall, 7.
  Russian Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.
WEDNESDAY, January 9th—
  Handel-Bach Anniversary Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.
  Beatrice Harrison, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
THURSDAY, January 10th—
  British Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Below London Bridge (Cassell, 8*s.* 6*d.*) is the record of a pilgrimage to the London docks and riverside. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson contributes an essay of forty pages, half sentimental journey, half an address to Londoners who ignore the one river they have left unburied; and this is followed by a number of full-page photographs taken by his son. The collaboration has a certain piquancy. A writer describing scenes which are brought before us also in photograph must adjust his prose carefully, if he is to avoid a discrepancy of impressions; the camera will rarely follow his moods, it will not embellish his description like a line-drawing. And here the difference has been further exaggerated by the circumstances of their journey; for Mr. Tomlinson was returning, after many years' absence, to places he knew intimately and had written of before, while the younger man, with his camera slung, was making the visit for the first time. Whistler had painted the neighbourhood of Duke Shore—how would it strike the eye? They set out together on a winter afternoon from London Bridge station, turning east, the one excited and doubtful, the other curious and ready for surprises. Their trip was successful; they reinforced one another's delight. And some of this pleasure is communicated in the volume that came of it.

* * *

London remains one of the chief ports of the world, but the Thames has gradually disappeared from the social scene. For the full pageantry we must go back to the Elizabethans, when some forty thousand people were supported by the work of the river, and when the watermen had, in Taylor, their only poet. Some of this splendour and bustle extended to Stuart times. Ambassadors arriving in England were met at Gravesend by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who escorted them in a state barge, with music and flags flying, to Tower Stairs. In the eighteenth century polite travel was done by road; there was a fashion for riverside amusements—the gardens at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, Cuper's Garden opposite Somerset House, the Cherry Garden at Redriff; but when these were gone, the spectacle ended.

It is a fascinating history which, so far as I know, has never been adequately written. A little book, *London on Thames*, by G. H. Birch (Seeley and Co.), published in 1903, has the merit of being well illustrated with contemporary prints. Several of these depict the great Frost Fairs. During an exceptionally hard winter the Thames would be frozen down to London Bridge, and the frost might hold as long as six weeks. Evelyn describes the booths set in regular lanes, where even such trades as printing were carried on; the coaches plying from Westminster to the Temple; the skating, bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays, which made up the carnival. The first fair of which there is record was held in 1564; the last in 1814. A drawing of the 1814 fair shows wigwams, large ensigns, swing boats, skittles, men sitting and smoking under the hull of a boat. The people walking between ships stuck at angles in the ice suggest a stage scene. When the thaw came in January great pieces of ice tumbled downstream grinding and colliding with the noise of gunfire. With the uptide they returned and jammed. Another frost followed. On this mountainous ground a fair was impossible, but the publicans and spirit dealers did well; stragglers remained on the ice till the last moment; and a bargeload of people was carried down to Blackfriars Bridge, where they were pulled up on ropes to safety.

These fairs, occurring at long intervals and passing into the talk of those who enjoyed them, did a great deal to keep the river alive in the popular imagination. If anyone living to-day had once skated from Southwark to Hammersmith or could remember having shied at coconuts under Westminster Bridge, he would regard the Thames with a livelier eye than the rest of us. Gissing remarked that people living in towns delight in the conquest of nature by artificial means; but surely they delight even more in the occasional interruptions of freakish weather. There are no longer the excitements of great frosts, of a whale washed up at Greenwich or a fleet sighted in the estuary; but we are mildly stirred by the news of a seal swimming upstream.

* * *

It is an old complaint that after the Great Fire Wren might have transformed London. Besides broader streets and half a dozen piazzas, he proposed building a fine quay, where the public could walk, from Blackfriars to the Tower. His plans, and those of Evelyn and Hooke, were rejected by the citizens whose houses had been burnt down; many of them, believing in a prophecy of Mother Shipton, refused while the fire was burning to help put it out. Our individualism seems better suited to empire-building than town-planning.

* * *

So the industrial Thames, without municipal attractions, has become a *trouvaille* for artists. Each generation discovers corners for itself. Mr. Tomlinson refers to the magnificent opening of *Our Mutual Friend*, with its description of the river at night and the vigil for corpses borne up on the tide, and he adds the story of his own meeting with a barge-builder who knew Rogue Riderhood:

> "Now I'll show you," said the old man, "why that chap Rogue did a good business here."
>
> He led me through, and swept his arm over the water. "See how the tide sets in here both ways? If you went overside anywhere about here, like as not I'd find you later among my barges." He pointed below. "I remember a woman used to live near here, just up the street, and her son—he was a lighterman—was tipped over one night. 'All right, mother,' I says to her, 'he's almost sure to turn up again.' Sure enough, he did, about a week later. Right underneath where you are. Just there. So I made him fast and went to his mother. 'He's come home,' I says to her. 'I told you he would.'"

That is Mr. Tomlinson at his best. He suggests well, too, the grey dockland streets on a wet day, the grey stretch of water, mud and warehouse under a smoky sky. And the discovery of the *Cutty Sark*, renamed *Ferreira, Lisbon*, lying in the Surrey Commercial Dock, is delightful. But Mr. Tomlinson's prose is too often spoilt by what he calls "the hints and suggestions of intangible verities which underlie the great show of the ships, the river, and the docks. . . ."

> The wharves and ambiguous buildings and gear continuous along both banks down to Gravesend, twenty miles of them, ships and small craft weaving about in the midst, and an occasional glimpse of masts and gigantic funnels apparently buried well within the levels and houses and lost for ever to the sea, give an impression of dim and universal chaos. This spectacle must come of fortuitous aims. Its architect is peradventure. And in a fresh wind, with curtains of smoke trailing before landmarks, the tide bustling along lively and regardless, and a liner looming ahead under way, it is easy on the river to doubt direction and sure purpose.

An admirable picture has been spoilt by clumsy writing. Merely by cutting out words, and removing sentences such as "an impression of dim and universal chaos. This spectacle must come of fortuitous aims. Its architect is peradventure," we can easily improve the passage without changing its effect. This criticism is true of the whole book. Mr. Tomlinson's essay is not padded, but some portion of every page could be blue-pencilled; it is not *carelessly* written at all; no, the strange thing is that he has blundered almost deliberately. One can see it repeatedly in a choice of words which is recondite and bad. A prose so erratic, it may be thought, should never have been brought to the task of describing a "sentimental journey"—where, if anywhere, the perfect balance of sentiment and style is necessary. *Below London Bridge* is not a book of enduring charm, but it will give pleasure to everyone who has felt the attraction of the scenes described. When Mr. Tomlinson is not busy gilding a sunset, or posing metaphysical teasers, he gives a real glimpse of the jungle of London streets, and the dingy Amazon that flows through them.

G. W. STONIER

THE POET AND HUMANITY

Homage to Sextus Propertius. By EZRA POUND. *Faber and Faber.* *2s. 6d.*

Vienna. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Faber and Faber.* *3s. 6d.*

Ten Introductions. Edited by GENEVIEVE TAGGARD and DUDLEY FITTS. New York: Arrow Editions. $2.50.

Choice or Chance. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Cobden-Sanderson.* *6s.*

Wine from these Grapes. By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. *Hamish Hamilton.* *5s.*

Fuel. By WILFRID GIBSON. *Macmillan.* *4s. 6d.*

In his introduction to the *Selected Poems* of Ezra Pound, Mr. Eliot has told us some important things about that "most interesting study in versification," *Homage to Sextus Propertius*; first, that "if the uninstructed reader is not a classical scholar, he will make nothing of it"; secondly, "it is not a translation, it is a paraphrase, or still more truly (for the instructed) a *persona*"; further, "it is also a criticism of Propertius." It will occur even to readers who would hesitate to call themselves classical scholars that there is a certain affinity between Propertius and Mr. Pound. They are both true poets, each in his way bold and unconventional, each with a peculiarly lively imagination, each capable of laughter, and in both may be traced certain similar tendencies and interests, whether amatory, social and political, or historical and antiquarian. What has been called, with regard to Propertius, "an immoderate indulgence in learned and literary allusions," may also be detected in Mr. Pound. It may be said, then, that Mr. Pound has been able to bring a peculiar sympathy to what may be called his interpretation of the Latin poet. If it be only the classical scholar who is fitted to examine it thoroughly, it is certainly plain that Mr. Pound has shown extraordinary technical skill and a highly cultivated taste. The taste is as faultless as that which perhaps has its best manifestation in *Cathay*; the skill could only have resulted from long study and continual practice. Nothing could be more striking than Mr. Pound's ability (by means of a kind of magic syncopation) to catch and at the same time to renew the spirit of classical poetry without trying to cramp it into strict forms, rigid successions of dactyl and spondee, unsuitable to our language.

> Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things,
> Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of price,

were once noted by Mr. Pound, in *Portrait d'une Femme*, to whom he was making some acknowledgments of benefits gained. The words might be applied to some of the more discordant and fragmentary parts of the poet's own work, which, if at times it has somewhat the air of a polyglot scrapbook, has certainly enabled others to "take strange gain away," Mr. Eliot and, less directly perhaps, Mr. Spender among them. I think it would be possible to explain Mr. Pound's work in general as an heroic effort to keep tradition alive by giving it new life, and to keep a modern sensibility in electrical contact with the past and with the contemporary world.

> I have weathered the storm,
> I have beaten out my exile,

he once wrote, and the struggle has not been in vain.

Never has the poet had more occasion than at present to be concerned with the effort of trying to get his bearings in regard to society in general. Contemporary artists have tended to become esoteric, building each his brain-spun hermitage as a defence against a noisy, sprawling world, but there are many signs of a growing wish to be more closely identified with the rest of mankind: thus many writers, and not surrealists alone, have turned hopefully to communism. Others, sympathetic to communism, have been less concerned with embracing that faith than with an attempt to harmonise their own lives with such social, political and intellectual tendencies of the day as may seem to them the most admirable and hopeful. This process has been discernible in the work of Mr. Spender, and the choice of a theme for his new long poem, which deals with the conflict between Fascists and Socialists in Austria, is as characteristic as its treatment. *Vienna* shows that an anti-Fascist point of view may be not merely political, but a necessity of a man's being, a conviction that power divorced from what he believes to be goodness and truth is contemptible. The poem is in four parts. "Arrival at the City" discloses that while

> The stick and strut of a sprucer day

survive amidst decay and confusion,

> the will emerges
> On alteration. Alteration.

There follows a "Parade of the Executive," whose "fine show" is contrasted with the lives of the unemployed, and a "totally disinterested" stranger is suggested as a formidable eye-witness. The third movement, "The Death of Heroes," describes how

> The word "Freedom" was choked by the rope

. . . and by Dollfuss; and the poem concludes with an "Analysis and Statement," a reference to

> The real life a fading light the real death a light growing,

and a final tribute to

> Those burrowing beneath frontier, shot as spies because
> Sensitive to new contours; those building insect cells
> Beneath the monstrous shell of ruins; altering
> The conformation of masses, that at last conjoin
> Accomplished in justice to reject a husk.

The poem as a whole is animated by anger, which never turns into spitefulness, but is used as a cutting edge against the fibrous growths of reaction, and in defence of the more civilised hopes of the day. It enlarges somewhat the scope of the "ancestor worship" which Mr. Day Lewis has lately defined in *A Hope for Poetry*, and shows at the same time that Mr. Spender's lively personal idiom, so effective in his shorter poems, is capable of being used on a larger scale. Glad of what he has done, we look forward, since he has shown such powers of fruitful development, to what he is going to do.

Ten Introductions may perhaps be regarded as an American counterpart to *New Signatures*. "Our purpose," say the editors modestly, "has been simply to indicate possible fresh sources of poetry." They present accordingly verses by ten young writers. The two most fully represented, Robert Fitzgerald and Lincoln Kirstein, seem also the best. The sensitive talent of the first named is, it may be thought, graceful rather than urgent, but produces some vivid effects:

> The antennae of lightning
> Search density horribly and go out.

Mr. Kirstein contributes a long poem, *Chamber of Horrors*, which is very remarkable indeed. Dealing with murderers, it concerns a subject which moves almost everybody—to fascinated horror and curiosity at least, and as likely as not to pity and philosophising. With powerful originality, Mr. Kirstein has managed to evoke these feelings, the strangeness of murder as an act and the emotions of the murderer himself, and to fuse them all, so to speak, in an atmosphere not so much morbid as mysterious and terrifying. The writings of another contributor, Mr. James Neugass, remind one at first sight of satirical verses of the kind that used to appear in the *Wheels* anthologies, from the pens of Mr. Osbert Sitwell and others. Their fastidious phrasing gives pleasure, but they may well be the work of one whose chief gift is for prose. It seems a pity that Mr. Brooks Jenkins is only represented by a single poem.

Mr. Edmund Blunden's new collection has not for the most part the intensity of which at his best he is capable, although it contains at least one excellent poem, *From Age to Age*. He commemorates tender, thoughtful, scholarly or mildly satirical moods, moments of domestic joy and country content, and is still haunted by memories of the War. That he is not complacent about the Peace may be seen from *Housing Question*, which suggests that the soldier's

> homely shelter
> Punished with hell-fire, was better in its problem
> Than what too many have, from their first cry
> Cramped in a dugout useless to repel
> The other war, weaponed with all disease,
> That sees and takes the attractive aiming-mark.

Beauty with a capital B is the speciality of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, and at times it almost provokes a tear:

> Round and beautiful as the globe of the onion blossom
> Were her pale breasts whereon I laid me down to die.

Miss Millay's poetic doctrine is a feeble one. In transit through the waste land, she is content with the chirpings of "the desert sparrow."

> And cleave henceforth to Beauty,

she sings, with one eye unsteadily fixed on the Shropshire Lad,

> Expect no more from man.

A Muse that abandons humanity for "crumbs of beauty" should be rejected as unfit. It is poetry rather than humanity that Mr. Wilfrid Gibson neglects. Almost unbelievably prosaic, he offers us fuel instead of fire. WILLIAM PLOMER

THE STUARTS

The Later Stuarts. By G. N. Clark. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The first volume of the new *Oxford History of England* is by its Editor; and it sets a high standard for its successors. In both range of interest and volume of knowledge, Professor Clark outdistances all his predecessors in the field he surveys. He is completely free from the old Whig tradition; while, at the same time, he has not been seduced by that fashionable reaction against the Whigs which is rapidly re-writing modern English history to suit the canon of European reaction. He has no heroes to defend on the one side or the other. The result is a book which does honour to English academic scholarship.

The most interesting feature of the book is the width of its conception. Those who have read Professor Clark's remarkable work on the seventeenth century will have known the immense equipment of interest and knowledge he brings to his theme. Not only the obvious political events, but the intellectual and economic background, the movement of literature and the arts, the character of social life, are woven into a coherent and attractive pattern. If the style is sober rather than eloquent, it fits the manner in which Professor Clark has set out to discuss his subject. Certainly there is no other book which gives so clear a picture of the period.

Professor Clark would be the first to agree that the real result of his survey is to show us how much important work yet remains to be done on the period. Of its economic history little is solidly known, save in scattered monographs. On its political thought, while good work has been done on special figures like Halifax, there is no serious study of Locke, of Charles Leslie, of the doctrine of passive resistance, of the development of religious toleration. A history of the Whig party remains to be written; and a full study of the origins of cabinet government is still to be desired. There is nothing adequate, either, on the history of English economic thought in the period, and especially on its connection with Continental speculation. In the light of these, the most obvious gaps, the quality of Professor Clark's achievement is outstanding.

It is perhaps the total impression of what he says rather than particular aspects of it that displays his competence. He does full justice to the ability of Charles; his William III is steadfast, without being the heroic figure to which the Macaulay tradition has accustomed us; and his pictures of the statesmen are generally as admirable as they are concise. To describe Henry St. John, for example, as one "to whom it came naturally to seek reconciliation with an enemy by injuring a friend," to say of the Revolution Tories that they "accepted the new sovereign but . . . could not transfer to him the old reverence for Kingship"; to explain the literature of the period as "having the defects of club-life: there was more familiarity than intimacy, fashion counted more than conviction; quickness in talk outshone depth of thought; it was worse to be laughed at than to be wrong" is to hit off exactly some of its essential features. The whole of the last hundred pages is pervaded by a superb commonsense.

The volume ends with an excellent bibliography. I think its judgment of Leslie Stephen unduly harsh; and I wish room had been found to praise the remarkable Short History of Freethought of J. M. Robertson. But these are very minor matters in a wholly admirable performance. Harold J. Laski

SAVAGE MUSIC AND CIVILISED THINKING

The Musical Instruments of the Native Races of South Africa. By Percival R. Kirby. *Oxford University Press.* 35*s.*

Music To-day, Op. 92. By John Foulds. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Kirby's exhaustive account of the musical instruments of the South African natives, based principally upon sustained field research, must undoubtedly be of primary importance to ethnologists and anthropologists, while to the musical scholar curious in the evolutionary aspect of his art it could not fail to be of great interest. Indeed, although I wish Professor Kirby had provided more musical examples, especially of the *marimba* rhythms, I was fascinated by the sheer interest of the material.

It is the very wealth of that material which makes it impossible to say more here than that his chapters on Drums, Reed-Flute Bands and Horns and Trumpets contrive to satisfy both the specialist's desire for completeness and the general reader's desire for interesting information concerning the great variety of instruments used. The most elaborate instrument employed by the South African natives is the resonated xylophone, commonly called the *marimba*, says Professor Kirby, and it exists in great variety. This instrument, the musical parts of which are constructed of hollowed wooden slabs below which are calabash resonators, requires a month to make and is valued at one ox, or about £5. The author, however, succeeded in obtaining one at half price because he was himself a *mbila* player. He was also provided with a collection of spare parts, including a packet of calabash seeds with which to raise fresh resonators in the event of mishap!

The ratio of rhythmical complexity to melodic development to be found in primitive music is of great importance to musical theorists. It is clear that the melodic components of this native music are elemental and repetitively used; it is a pity, therefore, that Professor Kirby's fascinating account of the role of the two players of the *mbila* is not longer than it is. "In some (pieces)," he says, "the main rhythm of the two players coincides, in others the rhythmic scheme of the two players may be completely opposed," while in one there was such a baffling weaving of cross-rhythms that even when it had been analysed out and one part memorised he found it a matter of extreme difficulty to maintain it against the other part. The short score of the Reed-Flute band music the author gives is also interesting. With the exception of the small descant flutes each of the members plays only one note of the scale, the circumambulatory movement of the players adding an element of kaleidoscope differentiation to the *organum* like progressions which are represented in the score. (Strangely like a page from Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces.) It is a form of concerted music preserved in Europe only amongst bell-ringers.

It is not surprising to note that this principally rhythmic and poorly melodic art (Professor Kirby believes that the South African native does not perceive microtonic disparities of intonation) has been definitely controlled by a sense of harmonic interval. And he is of the opinion that the Bantus detect and delight in shades of timbre and tone in their soft-voiced instruments which are quite indistinguishable to the European ear.

A unique instrument is the *gora*, a true wind-string instrument in which a bowed string of variable tension is excited by the performer blowing skilfully into a stripped quill, through a hole in which the string passes. The most engrossing material that Professor Kirby advances in his treatment of the stringed instruments, however, is his confirmation of Balfour's theory of the origin of the musical bow in the bow of the hunter. Here, as with others, it was not easy to obtain possession of good instruments, many of which are communal and "doctored" rather than individual possessions. One old Bakgatla actually sang a regretful farewell to his *segwana* upon parting with it to the author.

A fine frontispiece representing a native rock painting and over seventy plates add value to a valuable text.

It is not often nowadays that one opens a book and becomes at once immersed in a flood of comforting revelation. At one point in reading Mr. Foulds' book I felt a load of guilt removed from my shoulders. That somnolent feeling which invariably creeps over me when I hear ——'s violin concerto (I dare not mention the name) I have hitherto attributed to the atmosphere or mongrel *décor* of Queen's Hall, or to the Chambertin. But Mr. Foulds in his illuminating passages on the Ensoulment of Music states that "Every musical sound projected through the air creates, as it were, a funnel between originator and recipient," and that the most popular way of Ensouling is to project "along the funnel a thought, together with the note."

This seductive technique is less powerful, says Mr. Foulds, than that of "creating a powerful 'thought-form' into and through which the music plays," but I see now that Mr. ———— has discovered the spirit of that concerto to be Lethal Sleep, and together with a note, he has really been sending down his funnel the most soporific of Ensoulments. I am left with a desire to discover whether this funnel is a One Way Funnel.

Besides this, I learned that there are seven realms in Nature, known to the initiated musical public as Ádi, Anapādaka, Atma, etc. Only five of these planes are musically valid and "all music to-day is a physical-plane expression of vibrations contacted upon one or other of our postulated five planes."

Music, which one had thought to have something to do with Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Constant Lambert, is really the affair of Devas, particularly of that fiery order of spirits known as Gandharvas, whose being *is* music, and one of whom Mr. Handel saw when in his Messiah *raptus*. Mr. Schumann's madness appears to have derived from excessive surrender to devic fire, as does Mr. Block's inspiration (" national devas these," explains Mr. Foulds of Mr. Block's assistants).

I was helped, too, by the chapter on Women and Music, wherein I read that " the male is polarised; physical-positive; emotional-negative, mental-positive. The female is contrarily polarised, physical-negative; emotional-positive; mental-negative." From this self-evident axiom Mr. Foulds deduces the altogether novel and astounding theorem that it is a woman's task to inspire man, though he suggests of such a case that one should say, not that " she inspired him " but that " her propinquity intuned him."

At this, however, my preposterous body would persist in deep intestinal laughter, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis might say, and I therefore turned back to more simply musical parts of *Music To-day*. Occasionally I found things of interest, but almost invariably treated with such superficiality or misunderstanding as to be of little permanent value. Some may agree that of the ninety modes which Mr. Foulds proposes for the use of composers, each has its own character. I disagree, and for a reason which makes me suspect the author's penetration. His ninety modes are a protest against the tyranny of the simple major and minor modes, and yet in each of his proposed modes he uses the same dominant which he says, preserves modal stability (he objects to Carlos Espla's sharpening of the dominant as destructive of modal vitality). Yet the very origin of the word " dominant " in Gregorian tonality should have warned him of danger. Each of the modes had its *dominant* and *final* (which was not its tonic). The dominant varied in position and upon these the fluidity and diverse individuality of the modes depended. But as in five out of twelve of the modes the dominant came on the fifth note, the name became attached to that note of the scales when these latter supplanted the modes. Mr. Foulds does not seem to realise that the Gregorian dominant had really the function of a tonic, or better, focal note. So, when he proposes both a fixed tonic and a fixed dominant, he naturally does not see that he is destroying all that is valuable in, and indeed definitive of, the modal system. To be exact, his ninety modes are nothing but so many stiff and wooden scales. And the difference is much more than verbal.

The deficient propinquity of this book does not intune me to say that it is worth reading. RALPH BATES

THE DAYS OF THE LUDDITES

Popular Disturbances and Public Order in Regency England. By FRANK ONGLEY DARVALL. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Darvall's excellent book is a product of the new opportunities that were provided for students some thirty years ago when it was decided to make the records of most public departments accessible down to the year 1837. This decision was noted at the time as an event of great importance by Graham Wallas, who knew more than anybody else of the radical movements of the period affected by this step. From that time the papers of the Home Office have been the chief source for the writing of social history and all such literature has taken a new colour. Mr. Darvall has worked over his material with great industry and his account of the Luddite disturbances is the fullest that has appeared.

The most important revelations that have followed the study of the Home Office papers have been concerned with the second part of Mr. Darvall's title. About the public disturbances of the time it was possible to learn a good deal from sources available when the Home Office papers were still locked up. Newspapers, popular traditions, reports of trials, parliamentary debates, all of these provided a considerable material. Much of this material, it is true, was neglected. Cobbett was widely read, and his full and vivid treatment of the rising in the southern counties in 1830 might have been expected to draw the attention of historians to the records of those riots. Yet few historians ever turned their minds to the contemporary accounts of the trials of several hundred men and boys before Special Commissions, and these important events passed almost without notice in the histories of the time.

The subject of public order on the other hand has been immensely illuminated by the Home Office papers. The reason is clear enough. The English people were trying to manage all the problems of modern life with an equipment suitable to a quiet and slowly changing society with little mobility of industry or population. Twenty years after the Luddite riots Bradford, with a population of 66,000, depended for order on six constables. It is not surprising that the Home Office had its hands full.

In this world, as Mr. Darvall points out, discontent was inevitable, for economic distress fell upon populations that had lost confidence, with good reason, alike in the sense of justice and the capacity of their rulers. Discontent meant a threat to order and this society was not equipped for keeping order. So its rulers fell back on two methods; the use of armed forces and the use of spies. Much the most interesting part of Mr. Darvall's book is his full account of these arrangements. He calculates that whereas Wellington took with him 9,000 men when he set sail for Portugal in 1808, no fewer than 12,000 men were employed during the disturbances of 1811–1812. The use of these soldiers often led to friction between magistrates and the arrangements were complicated by the scarcity of magistrates in many places and the different views taken by different magistrates of their responsibilities. " The efficiency of English local government, particularly as regards emergency duties such as the suppression of disorder, depended too much on, and varied too much with, the zeal and ability of the individual local official." Unhappily zeal and ability were not always combined in the same official. This comes out very vividly in the story of the use of spies. Thanks to men like Bennet and Burdett, the infamous proceedings to which the use of spies inevitably led (little care was taken, until Peel went to the Home Office, about the character of the men employed) received a good deal of attention in Parliament, and the Home Office documents prove that the radical suspicion of the time was well founded. Mr. Darvall's pages show at once what a great service was rendered to England by the men who exposed these methods and what courage and determination were needed for that task.

J. L. HAMMOND

THE CHURCH MILITANT

Arms and the Clergy. By G. BEDBOROUGH. Issued for the Secular Society by the *Pioneer Press.* 2s.

There is a great deal being written about the sufferings of soldiers during the War, but we hear very little about the pleasures of civilians. It is true that these were comparatively short-lived: a soldier whose eyes were shot away in 1914 remains sightless to this day, but the orgy of passion which so deliciously intoxicated civilians of both sexes hardly outlasted the Peace Conference. But a severe moralist might argue that the mutilation, agony and destruction of millions of young men were a no more hideous spectacle than the intellectual and moral degradation of whole communities. To the younger generation of adults the name of Bottomley is almost, that of Pemberton-Billing quite, unknown. Even those who can remember these men as popular idols can hardly trust their memories. But those of us who " prefer the most unjust peace to the most just war " need to do whatever we can to explain that modern war means not only physical torture and death, but mass-hysteria and endemic imbecility. It is for this reason that *Arms and the Clergy* is a most recommendable book. It is a collection of utterances made during the War by ministers of religion; it is issued for the Secular Society and its object is to discredit the Christian churches. In this it is largely successful, in so far as the Anglican and Nonconformist churches are concerned. The Quakers, of course, are immune, and the Church of Rome is represented by only two quotations, neither of which is inspired by patriotism or hatred. But if Christians were eager to claim God as an ally, were rationalists less eager to claim Reason in the same capacity? Bertrand Russell, it is true, preserved his fidelity to reason, and was expelled from his fellowship in consequence. But Arnold Bennett screamed for a Knock-Out Blow, Henry James solemnly declared that tepidity of mind on the subject affected him as " a vulgar impiety, not to say rank blasphemy " (but perhaps that great artist should not be reckoned as a rationalist), Mr. J. M. Robertson wrote passionate war-propaganda, and I do not remember that the Conscientious Objectors received much support from the Rationalist Council. It is indeed the privilege of Mars (and perhaps of Venus) to extract idolatrous worship alike from those who adore Christ and those who profess to recognise no god but Reason.

This point made, one may cull a few flowers from this anthology. The richness is such as to make selection difficult. Here, for instance, is the Gospel message as interpreted by the Rev. A. E. Cook, a Congregational minister:

> Christ Himself calls to the nations that love His name to prove that love by crushing the German armies down to defeat and visiting the judgment of God on their sins. . . To love is to hate. Those who do not hate, do not love.

There are other quotations even more ferocious, and a number of these devout persons are intent upon making capital out of the War: the Germans are atheists, or Protestants, or addicted to the Higher Criticism of the Bible, and therefore deserved to be killed. But it is perhaps best to omit the more orchidaceous and bloodthirsty specimens provided by obscure clergymen and ministers, and to take one or two from the large number exhibited by eminent dignitaries. Here is Canon Basil Wilberforce:

> The part that Britain is taking in this hideous Armageddon is a clear example of "being about Our Father's business." Divine Spirit has placed Himself under the limitations of humanity, and it is the clear duty of all to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

And here are Canon Scott Holland and twenty-four other Oxford divines:

> The Government of Great Britain has determined that some of her Indian Troops . . . shall be transferred to Europe, and we cannot pretend to regret its determination. . . . We can only rejoice if Christian principles find an echo in the breasts of non-Christian peoples.

And here is the Bishop of London:

> Japan always held a very detached view with regard to Christianity . . . then occurred the War, and they saw a great nation act up to the principles of the religion it professed. When it saw its great ally fling itself into the battle, then it bowed its head in respectful admiration. Japan was clear-sighted enough to see that the good old British race never did a more Christ-like thing than when on August 4, 1914, it went to war. And, surely, Japan was right.

But there were clergy who remembered the teaching of Christ. A curate, for instance, gave a cigarette to a German prisoner, and an eminent divine was bitterly attacked for having said on Good Friday: "With the Cross before our eyes let us think kindly of the rulers, soldiers and people of Germany and Austria." He explained, however, that he had been misreported: "These are not my words. They do not represent what I said or think." The curate was fined ten pounds. The eminent divine has been made Archbishop of Canterbury. RAYMOND MORTIMER

ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

Whither Medicine? By JOSEF LOEBEL. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 7s. 6*d*.

The Circulation of the Blood. By WINIFRED PARSONS. *Sheldon Press.* 5*s*.

The advances in medical science which have taken place in recent years have been numerous and widespread: few people, however, recognise the extreme rapidity with which these advances have been made. In the days of our grandfathers, even, diabetics were encouraged to eat as much sugar as possible and suppuration was regarded as necessary to the healing of wounds. The invention of the operation for appendicitis is more recent than the invention of the telephone. *Whither Medicine?* is not, as its title may suggest, a prognosis of future developments. It is a popular history of the art of healing from the earliest times up to the present day, written in a vigorous style, emphasising the dramatic features of medical discoveries and pointing out their philosophical implications. On the whole, it may be said to be both accurate and comprehensive, although there are a few lapses. The invention of the ophthalmoscope by Helmholtz, which revolutionised ophthalmology, finds no place in Dr. Loebel's survey, and the description of the part now known to be played by heredity in some diseases is inadequate.

In dealing with recent work on the physical correlates of mental states Dr. Loebel's attitude is too dogmatic. The exposition of Kretschmer's doctrine of types savours very much of the obsolete theories of ancient physicians. Specific shapes of the body are thought to be associated with peculiar constitutions and modes of reaction. It is, however, admitted that perfectly pure types are hardly ever found and, with the passage of time, the change from one type to another may even take place in the same person. Postulates of this nature can hardly rank as medical discoveries. The author has, on the other hand, a sympathetic understanding of modern work in psychotherapeutics, and describes how Freud's work on hysteria developed out of Charcot's discoveries. The reader may be somewhat irritated here by the use of the word "soul" when the English should be "mind."

It is fascinating to observe the number of individual men in the history of science whose ideas stand out in sharp relief to a background of prevailing ignorance. One of the most dramatic figures, to whom attention here is drawn, was Dr. Semmelweis, who introduced a new era into obstetrics. "Until just before his time, it was considered impossible and abominable for anyone of the male sex to be admitted to a room where a confinement was in progress. In the sixteenth century a Doctor Wirth was burnt at the stake in Hamburg for having disguised himself as a midwife and attended a confinement—solely from scientific interest since, though a doctor, he had no idea how a birth took place." Semmelweis, in the years between 1840 and 1850, gave orders that every medical student must wash his hands in chlorine water before touching a woman in childbirth: within two years the maternal mortality in his hospital had been reduced to one-tenth of the previous figure. The tragedy was that Semmelweis received no support from his colleagues: he died in a lunatic asylum, having worked indefatigably without recognition and without disciples. Dr. Loebel gives vivid descriptions of the life and work of Jenner. He also pays homage to the great discoveries of Koch and Virchow, and the chapters on pathology are the most interesting in the book.

It is impossible to study the history of medicine without realising the immense importance of William Harvey's work at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It seems to us now perfectly incredible that, for hundreds of years, people should have been quite satisfied to believe that the blood could continue to be pumped out of the heart and no one had asked what ultimately happened to it. Harvey had the courage to examine the consequences of assuming that the blood went back again to the heart even though he had no microscope with which to view the capillary blood vessels. As a matter of course, his views were received by many of his contemporaries as those of a madman. Notable advances since that day have been the demonstration of capillary circulation, the invention of the electrocardiograph and the discovery of nervous control of blood vessels. *The Circulation of the Blood* is an extremely well-written account of the present state of knowledge on the subject, together with its historical basis. The vascular systems of lower animals are described and the relation to that of man is clearly pointed out. Nowadays, when the term "blood pressure" is used popularly in loose

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senses, an authentic and practical account of the circulatory system with a full explanation of technical terms, such as this book contains, is to be welcomed. The book is primarily addressed to the interested general reader and the publishers also hope that it will be found useful as a concise textbook for students of biology. It is unusually well illustrated, it has a pleasant exterior and it will fit easily into the student's pocket. L. S. PENROSE

NEW NOVELS

Grey Granite. By LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

Shepherdess of Sheep. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Latter Howe. By DOREEN WALLACE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Delay in the Sun. By ANTHONY THORNE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

There is a form of sentimentality in writing which seems to me particularly modern, though I am willing to be corrected; this is when the loose tentacles of the writer fasten, not upon some general or otherwise inappropriate aspect of the matter in hand, thereby, of course, affecting the diction, but upon the diction itself. *Grey Granite* is an example of this minor sort of sentimentality.

> And looking around that evil place in the stew of the hottering rising June she minded that verse he'd once quoted.

And again:

> And suddenly, washing the breakfast things, there came a waft of stray wind through the window, a lost wean of wind that had tint itself in play in the heights of the summer Mounth, Chris nearly dropped the cup she was drying.

The comma after "Mounth" may be a misprint for a full stop, but nothing will absolve the wind from doing the washing-up. The fact that these sucking noises are Scotch does not obscure the issue, although it may aggravate the crime for southerners; and beginning sentences with "And" is not a particularly northern form of sentimentality. Yet *Grey Granite* is all the same a very interesting book. The impression made by Chris Colquohoun and her son Ewen Tavendale and by the town of Duncairn is strong and exciting, though it would have been stronger clothed in plainer language.

Grey Granite is the third and last of a trilogy, but its publishers state that it is complete in itself. Our interest in Chris naturally entails curiosity about her past life; but the main outlines of this are indicated, not by "Chris had been a farmer's daughter . . ." but by skilful interpolations. When the book opens she is in her early forties, earning her living as a joint boarding-house keeper. Ewen is apprenticed at a steel works in the same town. His gradual, passionate absorption in "red" politics, and her unwavering aloofness from them, as well as her mixture of affection and detachment towards him, are admirably conveyed. We see the hardness without coarseness which is her chief characteristic coming out in him, different though they are: their natures are affected and displayed by their circumstances in a way aimed at by many novelists but seldom attained. It is worth while to put up with the surface sentimentality in order to experience the different bleaknesses of Chris, of Ewen, of industrialism, of Duncairn and its surrounding hills.

Mr. Gibbon's persons are, and are meant to be, hard; the same is true to some extent of Miss Streatfeild's heroine. Sarah, the would-be governess, when we first meet her is a chattering girl of nineteen, common, commonsensical, and far from engaging. She carries a certain conviction. But she never develops through all the years of our acquaintance. The plot of *Shepherdess of Sheep* requires that we should become aware of a great power of devotion in her, that we should believe in the love she felt for her charges, especially the neurotic Jane, for their mother, and for the young doctor whom she sacrifices to duty; but to convey feeling is one of the things of which, it appears, Miss Streatfeild is incapable. I have seldom read a book with less feeling in it, and this makes all that occurs a sort of busy but empty charade. Perhaps Miss Streatfeild was misled by injudicious praise of her earlier books into taking on a far too ambitious theme. Her talent, judging by *Shepherdess of Sheep* only, is for light, slight caricature. Her prose, never distinguished, is often bad; this would be less noticeable in a frivolous book.

Miss Doreen Wallace is one of those gifts a beneficent world makes to fiction addicts—a serious story-teller who, even when not in high form, is always readable and never silly. She uses her knowledge of agricultural and pastoral life with great discretion, and she devises interesting human situations in which this knowledge is relevant, but in which not it but the characters are displayed. *Latter Howe* is inferior to *The Portion of the Levites*—that of her books which I find most memorable—because Lanty, its farmer-hero, is insufficiently realised. Had he lived long enough in his creator's mind, I think she could have convinced us of his reality, for without being a writer of originality or genius, she can be most convincing, and Lanty is not an out-of-the-way person. But he does not "come through," and so cannot carry the book. He is a Cumberland sheep-farmer's son. We are told that he was dreamy and backward as a child, unable to fulfil his ambitious mother's hopes, and yet at twenty he is polished and highly articulate, and later is able to play a leading part in "county" circles. These facts weaken the alleged contrast between him and his wife, a lecturer in anthropology, and reduces the surface incompatability which upset her relatives, but with which enduring passion dealt so bravely. This insufficient realisation of Lanty is not the only sign of haste in *Latter Howe*. A flaw of a different kind is a curious priggishness in the treatment of Katherine. Miss Wallace attributes to tuberculosis moods of depression from which few human beings are free, however strong their lungs, and quite ordinary fears and fancies are referred to by her as "obsessions." But, flaws and all, *Latter Howe* cannot be left half-read; the reader has to know what happened.

Delay in the Sun is one of those neat books whose action is strictly confined in time and space; and, as so often in that case, events and crises have to be rather forced on the persons, instead of growing out of their natures. Its merit is the way in which the atmosphere of a small Spanish town is conveyed. Owing to a bus strike, nine English travellers find themselves stranded in Querinda, where there are no sights, and nothing, except for the one who is a painter, to do. All nine are treated with sympathy by Mr. Thorne, but with varying degrees of seriousness. He is very tender towards Julian and John, whose relationship, unknown to John, is that of father and son; he is funny about Mrs. Tassall, realistic about Mr. Grunbaum, and both tender and funny about Pepe, "the shy, smiling little waiter . . . whose voice had no more resonance than an escape of gas." Pathos comes in when we learn more about Miss Mason and Agnes, Betty and Jean; but Mr. Thorne, when he turns from the chief character, Querinda, to deal with humans, is best in a slightly farcical vein, as when Pepe is showing the visitors their rooms:

> He flung open a door which suddenly disclosed an elderly Spanish woman in black corsets, fastening her stockings to suspenders. She gave a loud scream and fell back on the bed. Pepe hastily shut the door again. "That," he explained . . . "must be Elario's mother."

Mr. Thorne's sly skill contrives to mention Elario's mother several times before we are properly introduced to either her or her son. E. B. C. JONES

GRAND TOUR

Grand Tour. By PATRICK BALFOUR. *John Long.* 18s.

Starting from Pall Mall aboard a Rolls-Royce car in which he had secured a passage to India for a matter of thirty pounds, Mr. Patrick Balfour set out on an extended and adventurous journey that took him through Syria, Iraq, Persia, Afghanistan, Nepal, the Andaman Islands, Malaya, Siam, Indo-China and Sumatra, all within a space of twenty-four weeks. Of this period, scarcely a day seems to have been dull. Unlike many a modern traveller, *trainant son atonie* across the globe—the kind of traveller who takes a gloomy delight in totting up a list of blank, dreary and uneventful days—Mr. Balfour produces the impression of a traveller who is seldom bored, whose interest is aroused, quickly and sympathetically, by everything that he sees, whether it is by the oddity of his fellow travellers, the strange spectacles afforded by an Eastern country in the throes of a specious "modernisation," or the beauty of the Himalayan range at dawn.

His first chapters, which describe the overland journey to India, under the rather haphazard but extremely good-natured escort of "Colonel Christmas," are vivid and amusing. Mr. Balfour is nothing if not readable; but he is much more than a mere retailer of personal anecdotes; and the passages devoted to architecture and landscape prove that the charm and historical fascination of the countries through which he passed—however anxious he may be to "de-bunk" the East-of-Suez legend—did not by any means escape him. Moreover, he takes really admirable photographs. Had his book no other merits, it would at least be worth buying or borrowing for the sake of the numerous and excellent illustrations with which it is equipped. Some of these plates are particularly interesting, since they depict buildings in Nepal all too probably destroyed by the recent earthquake. His photograph of *The Great Garuda, Katmandu*, and his frontispiece —a picture of a Nepalese pagoda taken from the bottom of a flight of steps—are extraordinarily good. Among prose passages, the best is a charming description of his voyage down the Mekong River on the way to Angkor Vat. Mr. Balfour made full use of his visit to that miraculous group of ruined temples, though to describe them is an almost impossible task. Very sensibly, he avoided the boredom of the journey from Saigon by entering Cambodia via Siam.

SHORTER NOTICE

Challenge to Death. *Constable.* 5s.

In this book Lord Cecil, Storm Jameson, Professor Catlin, Vera Brittain, Noel Baker, Guy Chapman, Winifred Holtby, Ivor Brown, Gerald Heard, Vernon Bartlett, Rebecca West, Mary Agnes Hamilton, Gerald Barry, Julian Huxley and J. B. Priestley all advocate peace by attacking the conception of national sovereignty; they champion the League, disarmament, a world air service, an international air police force; they discuss the influence of tradition and officialism, the false values of nationalism, the Fascist danger of thinking that the individual exists for the State instead of the State for the individual, the impossibility of "isolation," the relation of science to war, the menace of armament interests and the high adventure of creating an international Commonwealth. They say much that is true and wise and moving. Mr. Noel Baker is admirably informing and infectiously enthusiastic, and Mr. Gerald Heard's contribution is an unusual and penetrating forecast of the likely aftermath of another war. But the book as a whole fails because, apart from one brief reference to the fallacies of Marx, it nowhere resolutely faces the causes of the nationalism it deplores. Nationalism is a many-sided evil, but it is not intelligible or curable unless in its present stage it is understood as a reflection of a stage of economic development. It is important to attack its pretences and its fallacies. But we shall not rid ourselves of its rule until we change the social structure on which rests the whole complex of ideas associated with it.

Week-end Competitions

No. 251

Set by Seacape

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed poem, limited to twenty lines, that takes its theme from the following passage: "I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 11th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 248

Set by Ivor Brown

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Rhymed Farewell to 1934, not to exceed 16 lines in length.

Report by Ivor Brown

The past year bore few gifts to an uneasy world; even cricket could not conduct its mimic wars without creating the atmosphere of larger strife. But so concerned are the British about their climate that many competitors found draughts of happy inspiration in a drought. Issachar and Marion Peacock rejoiced neatly in a vernal Christmas, remembering the mild air and forgetting the fog. There were several who blessed 1934 for private and unspecified benefits, notably Lester Ralph, Jane Short and Barbara Baker, each of whom found a pleasant turn of phrase and rhythm for their secret happiness. Among the sadder valedictions was that of John A. Bellchambers, who ended

Go. 'Tis the only decent thing to do.

Jan Britton began with some vigorous cursing:

Ring in the Lictors and the rods,
Ring out the brains, ring in the clods.

But a rather weak ending marred this spirited start. Arthur Oliver perpended the terrors of a Serialist universe and found no pleasure in thinking of "a day that is Dunne." M. Snow was neat and terse in climatic reference:

It's right to say goodbye, as neighbours do,
But should there not be reciprocity?
I do not shed a tear to part from you,
Why shed so many for goodbye to me.

As often happens, there was a wide level of excellence with none obviously outstanding. Justice suggested the division of the prizes into some fifty rewards of a shilling or so, but convenience forbids such equalitarian practice. So once more the unhappy judge is driven to decide and selects Alice Herbert for first prize and M. C. Trench's lonely essay in the vernacular for second.

FIRST PRIZE

FAREWELL TO 1934

Go, then. Thou wert too dear for my retaining.
Take to the land of the forgotten years
All but the fraction still to me remaining
Of cash in hand, and credit with my peers.

Take the fool dream that mocked me in the waking;
Take the dim fear that neither shapes nor dies;
But leave thy golden dawns that sang at breaking,
The sweet unfathomed blueness of thy skies.

Take thy great drought: thy road-hog who rejoices
In distribution of our blood and bone;
But leave the long dusks, the beloved voices,
The sudden looks that whisper "Not alone. . . ."

I am not all ungrateful, Thirty-Four.
Farewell. Fare very well; but come no more.

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SECOND PRIZE

MRS. GREEN SAYS TA-TA TO 1934

So nineteen-thirtyfour is all but gone
—And me an' thirtyfive must carry on.
Well, this year's seen some changes, I'll allow,
—Some for the better—I'm a *widder* now!
'Enceforth I meanter have a bit of fun—
I been a good wife—but, thank God, that's done!
—Not such a bad year, nothin' very new,
—The farmers' starvin'—but they always do.
Murders and haccidents,—more people mowed
Down every time they tries to cross a road.
—Prince George's weddin'! My! *that was* a do!
—Poor girl!—All hopeful like—Once I was too!
Hope and a cup o' tea—that's all I've 'ad—
And yet I haven't rubbed along too bad.
Gover'ments and years—they comes and goes—and none
But 'as'nt promised fairer than it done.

M. C. TRENCH

RESULT OF COMPETITION 249

Set by Philip Jordan

The habit of inserting a descriptive, topical and satirical label between the first and surname is one with which Chicago has brightened our lives. Al " Scarface " Capone started it all off; and more recent instances have been Alfred " Cenotaph " Rosenberg and L. N. " Ballot of Blood " U. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for such appropriate names for any seven of the following:

Julius Caesar, Samuel Johnson, Edward Gibbon, Napoleon Bonaparte, Karl Marx, Benito Mussolini, Marcel Proust, Angelica Kauffmann, Oswald Mosley, Amy Johnson, C. B. Cochran, Montagu Norman, G. Bernard Shaw, J. C. Squire, Y. Y., the T.U.C., Sir Henry Page Croft, Miss Edith Sitwell, J. B. Priestley, and Mr. Therm.

Report by Philip Jordan

Such a flood of ingenuity leads me to believe that competitors must have spent Christmas inventing names for the illustrious. Nearly all of them fastened on Montagu Norman, Amy Johnson, Julius Caesar and C. B. Cochran, with Oswald Mosley and Y. Y. running close.

Julius " Rubicon " Caesar was by far the most popular, no fewer than twenty competitors handing him out this title. Montagu Norman appeared in various disguises, " Skinner," " Save-the-Mark," " Gold-Bug," " Alias " and " Maskelyne " being among the best of them. Not all were overflowing with that human kindness one is supposed to find at the year's end. Amy " Thenks Ever Saow " Johnson was smart but bitter, so was Edith " Airflow " Sitwell. Upon the latter there were many " Leavis " puns.

R. F. Sheppard is congratulated warmly for Benito " Kong " Mussolini and for Sir Henry " Blank " Page Croft.

Here are a few more. Edward " Roman Scandals " Gibbon, Karl " Dialectic " Marx, G. B. " Yo Yo " Shaw, Oswald " Please Teacher May I Leave the Room " Mosley, Napoleon " Eartweaker " Bonaparte, and Edith " Glass-house " Sitwell.

It was difficult to award the prizes. Nobody got seven marks. Dr. Pangloss came nearer to choosing typical nicknames than anyone else, but he spoiled his entry by a particularly irrelevant " middle " for Karl Marx, whose purport I cannot understand. He redeemed it, however, by a gorgeous Mosley which cannot, alas, be printed here.

Yes, Dr. Pangloss must have first prize. The second goes to G. L. Monk, although the purport of Number 3 is lost on me. This is written in a house singularly ill-equipped with literature: it has no Bible, so I cannot check the reference.

FIRST PRIZE

1. Marcel " Death Watch Beetle " Proust.
2. J. C. " Housemaster " Squire.
3. Amy " Bird Thou Never Wert " Johnson.
4. Montagu " Snide " Norman.
5. J. B. " Wholesome is as Wholesome Does " Priestley.
6. G. Bernard " Cronesbane " Shaw.

DR. PANGLOSS

SECOND PRIZE

1. Karl " Liquidator " Marx.
2. Benito " Catharsis " Mussolini.
3. Oswald " Joseph " Mosley.*
4. Amy " Headline " Johnson.
5. C. B. " Leg-theory " Cochran.
6. Montagu " Danaë " Norman.
7. Edith " Dictaphone " Sitwell.

* See Genesis XXXVII, vv. 23 and 24.

G. L. MONK

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 106.—GHOSTS

"Yes," said Crashingbore, "*Ghosts* is my favourite game. You know, it's one of these spelling things. It wants a good vocabulary and quick wits."

"That's right," said Ditto. "And you can't lose money at it; that's another point in its favour."

"Can't you!" chuckled Crashingbore. "I've played *Ghosts* for money, heaps of times. I remember at Poona—in the war—how we used to play it in the Mess. There were six of us. We had a regular tournament once—played ten games every night."

"For money?" asked Ditto.

"For money. We awarded points on the additive basis, as we called it. One point to a winner of one game; three points (2 + 1) to a winner of two games; six points (3 + 2 + 1) to a winner of three games, and so on. If one won all ten games that was 55 points, as you can see.

"Then we settled up on this basis. Each player paid each other player one shilling per point in respect of the difference in points between them. Pickings, there, for a fellow who was really smart."

"How did you get on?" asked Ditto.

"Not too badly. The tournament lasted five nights. On each night after the first, I remember, I won one more shilling than I'd won the night before. Gad, how annoyed young Soaker was! On the last night he lost the best part of his winnings."

How much did Soaker win?

PROBLEM 105.—MIXED HOCKEY

I was out of town for Christmas and did not see a proof. Result: a *datum* was omitted. The problem should have read as follows:

"During Christmas week, we have been running a mixed hockey contest. Seven teams were entered, and each played each of the others once. Scoring was on League principles—two points for a win, one point for a draw; and teams were placed according to points scored, or, where points scored were equal, according to goal average. When the teams were finally placed, it was found that no two had tied. Winnie's team won the championship, though Walter's scored most goals; Woozle's team were bottom. And the odd thing is that only seven goals were scored in all, and that no team scored in more matches than one."

What was the score in the game between Woozle's team and Walter's?

Solvers who have sent in a solution, conforming to the data as printed last week, need not bother to send another.

PROBLEM 104.—Mr. SPOTHAM'S YOUNG LADIES

If n girls are blue-eyed, there are $2n + 1$ altogether. Then if there are r girls in the room

$$\frac{{}^{n}C_{r}}{{}^{2n+1}C_{r}} = \frac{1}{13}$$

By trial it will readily be ascertained that $n = 7$, $r = 3$, i.e. There are 15 young ladies, 7 *of whom are blue-eyed.*

One solver makes two protests.

(1) The use of the phrase "a minority of one." "I know this was intended to puzzle, but is it quite fair?" This comment exaggerates my natural viciousness; the phrase was not even "intended to puzzle." Sorry if it did.

(2) "The solution . . . does not really give the correct probability of 1/13 from the point of view of the solver. For the solver does not know how many girls are on the stage, whereas Mr. Spotham does." *But the solver knows that Mr. Spotham knows,* and the knowledge that Mr. Spotham has a definite number of girls in mind is one of the solver's data. Isn't this a good answer?

PROBLEM 103.—LAURA'S LEGACY.

Award will be made next week.

My best thanks to a number of solvers, who sent me messages of goodwill at Christmas. These are greatly appreciated.

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Some indications should be given of the method of solution.

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WEEK-END CROSSWORD 252

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.

1		2		3		4	■	5		6		7		8
	■		■		■		■		■		■		■	
9			■	10										
	■		■		■		■	■	■		■		■	
11								12						■
	■		■		■		■		■		■		■	13
14							■	15						
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16		17		18			■	19		20		21		
	■		■		■		■		■		■		■	
■	22													
23	■		■		■	■	■		■		■		■	
24						25					■	26		
	■		■		■		■		■		■		■	
27							■	28						

Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Owen Bentley, 149 Rugby Road, Leamington Spa

ACROSS

1. Adjures cleanliness to the animal it sustains.

5. Handbooks of world planning.

9. Company.

10. Prevent neckwear from getting uppish.

11. What the soldier used to fight for.

14. "And doth —— the freedom of the state if they deny him justice."

15. Painting by which any of the last 11 letters might describe its position.

16. You'll find her neat but rather soiled.

19. A recent firebrand.

22. Quality that makes the fowl run?

24. With St. George in pursuit no doubt.

26. Stately part of 3.

27. Architectural style.

28. Writers finally announce that they are so genuine.

DOWN

1. First for Players, last for tobacco, tuners all.

2. A film may be viewed by one alone.

3. This plant may not be American in origin but it is in ending.

4. A bit of an opportunity.

5. Anyway he's an artist.

6. The final lick?

7. The pretending family.

8. A middling tie.

12. Suitable leads for dog-roses.

13. Eton crop for horses.

17. Tries again lawfully.

18. Often displaced by the steel shaft.

20. Proper for an officer to be but not to have.

21. One kind might be described as the C.O.'s.

23. "... Young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the —— is gone."

25. Simple for the landowner.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	U	S	S	I	N	B	O	O	T	S	■	H	A	G
U	■	P	■	N	■	R	■	U	■	E	■	O	■	R
B	L	U	E	S	H	I	R	T	■	C	O	T	T	A
■	■	M	■	T	■	C	■	O	■	R	■	H	■	N
T	H	E	B	A	C	K	O	F	B	E	Y	O	N	D
U	■	■	■	L	■	L	■	I	■	T	■	U	■	O
R	E	S	I	L	I	E	N	T	■	S	I	S	A	L
T	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	D
L	I	L	A	C	■	A	R	O	U	N	D	S	U	M
E	■	E	■	O	■	L	■	U	■	O	■	■	■	A
D	I	C	K	W	H	I	T	T	I	N	G	T	O	N
O	■	T	■	B	■	M	■	S	■	S	■	I	■	■
V	O	I	C	E	■	E	X	I	S	T	E	N	C	E
E	■	O	■	L	■	N	■	D	■	O	■	G	■	M
S	I	N	■	L	E	T	T	E	R	P	R	E	S	S

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

FORECASTS—CAPITAL ISSUES—CHEAP MONEY—TATE & LYLE

It would be a boon to everyone if a law were passed compelling every newspaper to reprint its prophecies at six-monthly intervals. I have in mind financial forecasts in particular, for these always seem to be more than ordinarily uninspired at the beginning of a new year. (Mine not excepted.) With so many complexities in the political and economic situation it is impossible to look far into 1935. The off-gold part of the world is still moving forward; the on-gold part is still moving backwards. On balance there is apparently a slight loss rather than a slight gain as compared with twelve months ago. Sweden made the greatest progress in 1934 because a Socialist Government added public works to a cheap money policy. Recovery in Great Britain has slowed down but has not been lost, for cheap money has been followed by a building boom under private enterprise. The vital question is how long the building boom will last. It was clear from the financial debate on the adjournment of the House of Commons that although Mr. Neville Chamberlain claimed all the credit for cheap money, which is absurd, he disclaimed all responsibility for making use of it, which is tragic. In Mr. Chamberlain's view, the use of cheap money must be left to private enterprise and the local authorities. If the peak in speculative housing for the middle classes will have been passed before the summer is gone, as some experts predict, then, private enterprise will not be able to carry the domestic recovery forward. The Government will have to take steps directly to clear the slums and build working class houses or flats. If it fails to do so only a major revival in international trade will save the country from a reaction. But here again private enterprise has to fall back on the Government. Unless the Treasury assumes the political risks of exporting goods to unsettled countries, which can be done by an enlargement of the export credits scheme, overseas trade is not likely to develop rapidly. The Treasury still bans foreign loans except for very special purposes; but even if the ban were removed there could be no big increase in foreign lending without a stabilisation of currencies. As the difficulties of making the next step forward increase, how dangerous, how imbecile becomes the complacent, negative attitude of the Chancellor of the Exchequer!

* * *

Let us see what use was made of cheap money in the capital market last year. It seems a great pity that the two authorities reviewing new capital issues cannot agree their figures. The *Economist* deplores the fact that the total of new capital issues in 1934 was only £169.1 millions as compared with £244.8 millions in 1933, while the Midland Bank is very satisfied that the year's new issues should have amounted to £150.2 millions as compared with £132.8 millions in 1933. The exclusion of British Government loans by the Midland Bank does not explain the discrepancy. The *Economist* analysis is as follows:

DESTINATION OF NEW CAPITAL

	1930.	1933.	1934.
		In Million £'s.	
United Kingdom—			
Government	65.6	150.8	44.1
Other	105.0	59.4	93.6
	170.6	210.2	137.7
British Possessions—			
Government	49.1	24.2	8.4
Other	12.3	4.9	21.5
	61.4	29.1	29.9
Foreign countries—			
Government	21.3	5.3	nil
Other	14.4	0.1	1.5
	35.7	5.4	1.5
Grand Total	267.8	244.8	169.1

The satisfactory feature about this table is the rise in domestic issues for other than Government purposes. The increase of £34 millions in this item is due largely to the borrowings of coal, iron and steel and engineering companies, which amounted to £18.6 millions as compared with a negligible figure in 1933, and to local authorities and public boards, which borrowed £36 millions as compared with £24½ millions. The iron and steel tariff was mainly responsible for the former.

* * *

The Midland Bank makes an interesting distinction between "public borrowing," i.e., issues for public authorities, railways, gas and water companies, and "private enterprise," i.e., the rest. In 1921–23 it found that private enterprise absorbed only three-quarters as much as public borrowing, but in 1927–29 more than twice as much. (There was an unhealthy boom in speculative new issues in the latter period.) In the years of depression, 1931–33, private enterprise borrowings again dropped, being three-quarters as much as public borrowings, but in the 1934 recovery they absorbed twice as much. The low level of public borrowing in the past year is attributed in part to the restrictions upon overseas lending and in part to the regulative action of our own Government. Private enterprise borrowing, in the Midland Bank's opinion, is considerably nearer to the maximum of desirable activity than a comparison of the bare aggregate figures of new issues would suggest. This view is confirmed by the fact that the bulk of new issues raised by private enterprise last year was in the form of shares, the proportion represented by debentures or other loan stocks declining from 50 per cent. to 35 per cent. of the total. The moral is that private enterprise has done its bit the use of cheap money must now be extended by the Government in public works undertakings.

* * *

Trade uncertainties do not stop the Stock Exchange having its little boom. The pressure of cheap money—bill rates having fallen to ½ per cent.—is again making for a strong gilt-edged market and lower yields in the gilt-edged market will again make for higher prices in industrial securities. The immediate interest lies in the possibility of a Government conversion scheme. The Midland Bank, in its bulletin, scouts the idea of converting Local Loans. It appears to think that the Government will not consider a conversion scheme unless the repayment of loans by the local authorities is likely in the early future far to exceed new loans made. Actual repayments exceeded new loans by £1.3 millions in 1934, but the Midland Bank believes that the demand for money by smaller local authorities for purposes of capital construction is likely to increase. Finally, it argues that until 2½ per cent. Consols have touched 100, the Government will not be in the position to grant relief to the debtors of the Public Works Loans Board. I hope that the Treasury will not be deceived by these arguments. If it wants to help forward the recovery, it will convert Local Loans and press the local authorities to use cheaper money in slum clearance schemes.

* * *

It often happens that in my character as investment counsel I feel compelled to recommend the purchase of the equity of a company which in my character as John Citizen I would be itching to attack. If some readers were disgusted because I commented favourably on Daily Mail Trust and Thomas Tilling ordinary shares, let me assure them that I shared their disgust. There are many disgusting things in our economic and financial system which the investor will have to stomach if he considers it necessary to invest his capital instead of giving it away. Take, for example, Tate & Lyle. I have recommended these shares from 58*s.* 6*d.* upwards and at 102*s.* 6*d.* I must still regard them as a good investment. But the sugar marketing proposals I suspect to be a ramp. Sir Leonard Lyle told the shareholders of Tate & Lyle at the general meeting last month that any fears of monopoly by the combined sugar refining companies were groundless because an increase in the margin between raw sugar and their refined sugar price of only a few pence per cwt. would have the immediate effect of bringing in large quantities of refined sugar from abroad, in spite of the tariff. He might have added that as Tate & Lyle work on a profit of about one-twelfth of a penny per lb. (his own statement two years ago) an increase of only 1½*d.* per cwt. in the margin between raw sugar and their refined sugar price would increase the Company's profits by 15 per cent. The elimination of competition from beet sugar companies has already resulted in great economies, and in the year to September 30th, 1934, the Company earned 33.6 per cent. and paid 22½ per cent. Sugar prices are still an uncertain factor—and the Company's stocks are large—but at 102*s.* 6*d.* to yield £4 8*s.* per cent. on dividends and £6 11*s.* per cent. on earnings the shares cannot be considered dear in view of the monopoly possibilities.

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